VOLUME TWO NUMBER EIGHT

ONE DOLLAR
OCTOBER 1970

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Letters

Violence and Masculinity

I couldn't agree more with Lucy Komisar ("Violence and the Masculine Mystique," July) that humanity should triumph over masculinity.

And I suppose that in order to make a dent in the male world, Women's Lib needs to be aggressive. But it seems ironic that the male violence (in act and thought) we ought to reject is now evident among groups like SCUM, and the fringes of NOW.

Who knows? Maybe one day all sexes will come to their senses.

JOHN H. INGERSOLL
New York, N.Y.

Defense Intelligence

Patrick McGarvey's article on my employer, DIA ("Intelligence to Please," July) is most illuminating. For the past three years I have endured all he writes about and more. In terms of money, I can't complain. Congress has been good to all government employees. DIA has seen that I received my raises on time. The organization is best described as a straw in the wind, bending whichever way the hot air blows. To us, the facts are just the input to a predetermined product whose final format depends solely on the prejudices of the eventual reader. We would label marshmallows as subversive if the requestor had enough rank.

As Mr. McGarvey points out, the ability for self-improvement exists, but the military transients who are our version of management are too worried with looking good in the eyes of their fellow uniform wearers to make the attempt. The organization is held together by band-aids certain to fall off after their appliers have been rotated across the continent. It is truly a sad sight to see a West Point graduate counting his days like a raw recruit. What else can you expect from officers content to do nothing but stay out of trouble so they can get a good rating?

As the *Peter Principle*'s author points out, when external relations are bad, as is the case with DIA, internal relations become the focal point of the nitpickers. We are subjected to humiliating acts in the name of security. Until you see a grown man examining candy wrappers for secret codes you will not believe it. We are continually subjected to security briefings so infantile that a five-year-old would be insulted to attend.

Those few of us remaining sane civilians would gladly leave, but the condition of the economy and the high salaries paid government employees make this economically impossible. Besides, the work we do at DIA is so far removed from our academic training, and so far removed from what the civilian job market offers, that we would be at a serious disadvantage in competing for the few jobs wherever and whenever they exist. For obvious reasons, I sign this letter

LOCKED IN

The Helium Bubble

"The Great Helium Bubble" by John H. Rothchild (June) is factually inaccurate. Here are a few examples of totally false statements upon which he bases his opinions:

Fiction: The article reported that I attended the March meeting of the Helium Society and introduced Henry Wheeler by saying he would discuss "a little publicized but extremely important product." Fact: This could only have been a figment of the author's imagination. I did not address the meeting, did not attend the

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meeting, nor did I submit a paper to the meeting.

Fiction: The article states "the whole research office in the Economic Division. . .has been reorganized under an Assistant Secretary to make sure. . .it doesn't come to the wrong conclusion anymore." Fact: The economic staff remains, as it always has, under the direction of an Assistant Director of the Bureau of Mines.

Fiction: The article, without being specific, cites "purges" in the Bureau and declares that Dr. William Vogely was "shuffled off" to Internal Revenue Service. Fact: Dr. Vogely sought, was offered and voluntarily accepted a higher paying position at IRS that, he felt, was more conducive to the development of his professional career. No executive connected with the helium program has been removed.

HOLLIS M. DOLE
Washington, D. C.

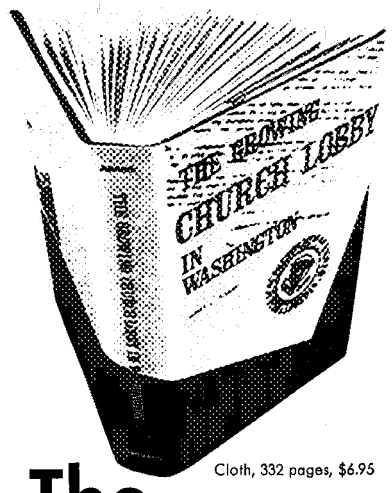
The author, John H. Rothchild, replies:

Although Mr. Dole does not address himself to any of the substantive issues that led to my contention that the helium program is merely an unnecessary welfare payment to rich petroleum companies and should be scrapped by the Department of the Interior, I will attempt to answer the points he has raised:

(1) Mr. Dole is correct here. He did not attend the meeting, and the article by Henry Wheeler was inserted into the *Congressional Record* by Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas, not Hollis Dole—a mnemonic confusion.

(2) The economic research office has been reorganized, contrary to Mr. Dole's implication that it has not. It has been reduced from division status (the Division of Mineral Economics) to a less important office status (the Office of Economic Analysis). This move, according to David Brooks, formerly chief of the division, was calculated both to downgrade economic analysis in the Bureau of Mines and to eliminate its independent research capability. As a division, it could initiate its own research programs more independently. As an office subordinated to the Assistant Director for Mineral Supply, as is now the case, it will be dependent on the will of the Assistant Director and will, according to Mr. Brooks, do what it is told to do.

(3) I do not wish to discuss Dr. Vogely's personal motives for accepting the IRS post, for obvious reasons. I think it sufficient to point out that both Mr. Brooks and John O'Leary, former director of the Bureau of Mines, were "executives connected with the helium program" who were "purged." ■



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The Growing Church Lobby in Washington

by James L. Adams

Political involvement of the church is not particularly new.

The church lobby in Washington, however, is a fairly recent phenomenon, dating its maturity from the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The heady experience of seeing their influence felt on the Civil Rights Act led church bureaucrats and clergymen to apply their political weight to the decisive issues of the Sixties. In these years, the church lobbyists developed enough political expertise to become a major force on Capitol Hill.

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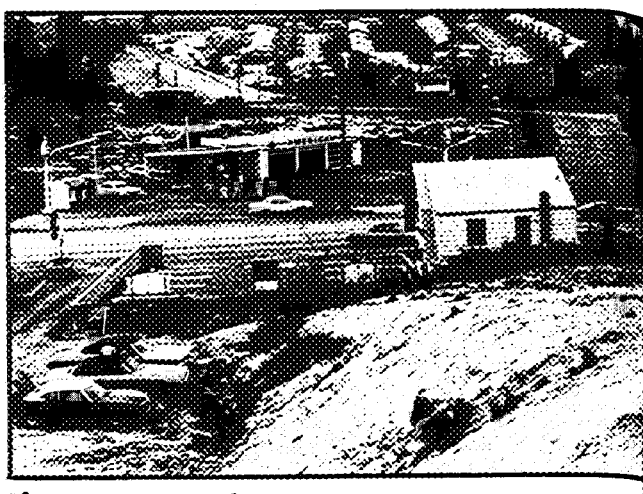
Up Against the Barbecue: Smithtown Middle America



by Suzannah Lessard

The Smithtown Presbyterian Church, 1675, stands at the juncture of routes 25, 25A, and 111: a tall wooden church, white, with a simple portico, round-arch windows, close-clipped eaves, and a steeple with a clock on it. Many layers of paint give the surface a chalky tone which seems to absorb rather than refract the light, and the steady lines, while still holding, have softened with time. The church sits on the lawn around it in a settled, comfortable way, undiluted and assured. Once it was a cohesive center in a living community.

Across the highway stands the Tinker National Bank, a massive formula building of pinkish brick, trussed up in blunt, neo-federal trimmings. On the other side a new restaurant called The Villager, gables lurching in every direction, seems like an unsettled bird about to take flight, behind it a Dairy Queen, and beyond that, separated by a parking lot, the flat dead mass of a shopping center, and beyond it you know is another shopping center, and then flung for miles, like spilt beans, the houses, or, as they are known in the real estate business, the homes. Look around and the good sense of the church flies irretrievably apart. Look around and you are anywhere in America.

The townscape makes no sense because there is no town anymore—no community, just a conglomerate. In the last decade, Smithtown, Long Island, has

Suzannah Lessard is an assistant editor of The Washington Monthly.

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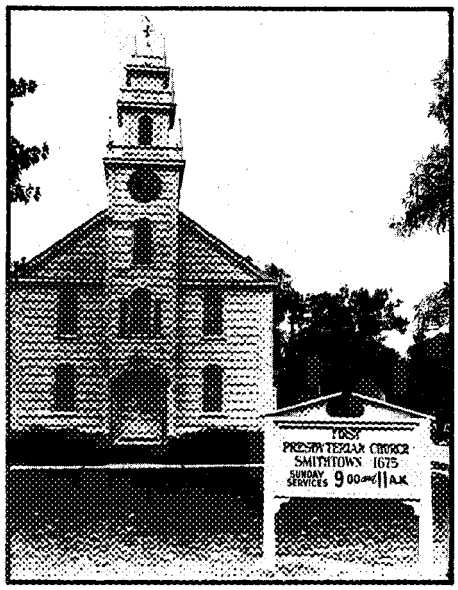
Photographs by Linda Rogers



mushroomed from a country town with a population of 54,000 into a demi-urb of 120,000. Most of the newcomers are from the city and see the move to Smithtown as an escape as well as a critical step up to a new status. A major portion of them work for Grumman Aircraft or one of the other defense contract companies in the area; in fact the growth would not have been possible without those companies. As a result the economy of the town, as of the county, is a defense contract economy; without the industry Smithtown would collapse like a giant spinnaker.

The growth has been disorganized and unhealthily rapid, swallowing the old character without developing a new one, changing the town from a dot on the map to a smudge. Developers have bulldozed the countryside and at least half of the old town and then glutted the landscape indiscriminately with houses and commercial buildings. People have poured out from cities into the houses, conscious only of their step up, hardly looking beyond their half-acre plot, cultivating their world only within its perimeters. The only ongoing interrelation of parts which developed was that the people in the houses went to the big new supermarkets, Dairy Queens, and banks. Shopping is the main community activity, centering around the Smithaven Mall, a gargantuan indoor complex of stores on the outskirts of town. Shopping is how people "go out." "I've solved my problem," a woman in

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her mid-thirties told her minister, to whom she had previously complained of unbearable loneliness: "I go to the Mall once a week." And churches, they did join churches, for church-going is part of the picture of middle-class life in the country, but though bigger churches sprang up, the congregations became so massive that the ministers and priests were no more than impersonal functionaries for most, nor could groups of that size feel any real bond among themselves.

Beyond the home people feel very little affiliation, and the home in consequence is an object of intense identification and a fortress against the outer world. A man in his early thirties told me he thought the racial situation was very grave and that civil war might well be in the offing. Unsettled by his detached air, I asked him how he felt about that. "I've got a gun," he said, with a shrug and a little laugh. "Everybody's got guns." But the image he projected was not one of everybody running out into the street together but of each man sitting behind the blinds in his house, finger on the trigger, ready to fire at anyone who set foot on his front lawn. A woman told me about the evening her husband had a heart attack in their back yard while barbecuing supper. The neighbors, who were also barbecuing about 10 feet away, separated only by a low fence, gave no indication that they were even aware of what had happened, though they would have had to be blind and deaf not to notice the commotion she and the children made. It sounds like the city but it wasn't the city. It was just two back yards in the country, with no danger about, and the victim someone known. But that's the way it is. Thousands and thousands of little families closed off from each other on their little plots, alone with their barbecue and their gun.

Most people did not talk of actually defending their front lawn. They placed the confrontation somewhere vague but far away and put the weapons in the hands of the police, or the army, who

would "wipe out the troublemakers." "I think everything is going to work itself out," they would often add, a deft way of avoiding the bloody image they had just evoked. But it comes down to the same thing: Smithtowners have withdrawn their connections with the world to within the boundaries of their immediate home, and from that perspective they see the turmoil on the far horizon as a seething alien force with which they have no relation and cannot comprehend except in terms of endangering their stronghold should it come near. From their perspective it is self-evident that, like a tidal wave, the turmoil knows no bounds and that to try in any way to accommodate or negotiate with it is suicidal, that the only way to respond to a hostile force is with force. And not reassured by a sense of community around them, Yossarian-like, they tend to see this threat only in terms of themselves. They are afraid alone, which makes them more afraid, and worse, out of touch with their fear, so that they shrug while saying civil war might break out, or say everything's going to work out when they have just predicted a battlefield. The blunted affect.

While they have no sense of immediate community, Smithtowners do not identify with outside structures either. They are fiercely loyal to "The President" and to something called "America," but these terms do not include the specific government, or Nixon's policies, or what has come to be known as "the system." Politics has long been dismissed as a corrupt power game, and few people feel they are represented in Congress, or that Congress has any power, or that elected officials are in any way accountable to the people, who don't know anything anyway. "As a small person I don't

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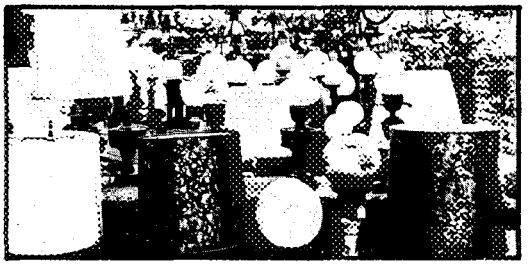
believe in the system, but as a small person I'll go along with the system," said a young woman who had started a prosperous wig shop. It is not an unreasonable accommodation, and one that worked well in more even times. But under present conditions of crisis, detachment has led to feelings of helplessness and floundering, and while they are neither going to defy nor embrace the system, Smithtowners long for a bold leadership with which they can identify. The ambivalence of the leaders towards the domestic and foreign situations, eating at the core of the Smithtowners' assumption that America is strong and good and that they are safe in it, has become unbearably frustrating.

The frustration was often expressed in contradictions: there seemed to be a correlation between the degree of disaffection and of belligerent loyalty. It was the man who said that the war was the game of the rich in which the poor man died who also thought we should go in there and drop an atom bomb ("That



would make them think twice") and the lady who vowed she would never bother to vote again who said she would rather see her son dead in Vietnam than a conscientious objector. Most people thought the war was a mistake from the start, but they were also dismayed that we weren't "finishing up the job" thus "wasting" the lives of the soldiers who have already died. The refrains: "I don't like to see us lose face." "Give it to them in the teeth. Then talk to them." "We should fight like a first-rate nation." Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia was, with regard to Smithtown, a brilliant political move because it momentarily relieved the frustration. "We went in, hit hard, and got out." "We've lost face in the world. Cambodia showed the world that we are strong." "I believe God was with the President when he invaded Cambodia." No one was worried about the constitutionality of Nixon's decision, nor, for that matter, particularly aware that the venture had fallen far short of expectations. It was, in their minds, definite, authoritative, and they could identify with it.

Authority, aggression, identity. The same pattern applies to domestic crises, which are far more threatening to the Smithtowners than the war itself. "There's no justice anymore," said a thin, middle-aged man with a shy manner who was a clerk in a liquor store. "The courts are all corrupt." I asked him what he meant, and without raising his voice, but with a new quaver in it and a sudden bitter expression, he replied: "This business about being innocent until proven guilty. That's wrong. They're guilty. Mow them down." Then he clammed up and wouldn't talk for several minutes.

It is unclear exactly who the enemy is: he is everywhere, diffuse, in our midst. But when you catch him red-handed, show no mercy, for the enemy can have no rights. When this doesn't happen, when it seems clear that one of the enemy is within reach and yet authority is vacillating, frustration only mounts and with it the desire for action.

The violence, like the fear, tends to be submerged. At the beginning of conversations, Smithtowners usually spoke of hippies, students, and militant blacks with smug disgust, classifying them as lazy malcontents, young, and few in number, and expressing confidence that everything would get ironed out; that the pendulum, cycle, or wave was moving, in the words of a blue-eyed young salesman, "towards an era of patriotism, belief in God, honesty, and justice." But after a while, they would begin to describe this new era in terms of police forces and stringent jail sentences. If you then introduce a concept which implies sympathy of some sort, for example mention the theory that jail

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reform might be a greater step towards crime control than stricter sentences, suddenly the hysteria emerges. As though a trap had been sprung, out it comes: "They are trying to destroy America. Crush them out."

America. This America, the one outside concept with which they identify, seems a great deal less tangible than its enemies. It seems to have something to do with emotion, with feeling good about yourself and your country. America is what went into World War II and finished up the job, thus becoming the world's hero, the good guy, whose goodness was rewarded with prosperity, with houses and cars for everyone, while generously lavishing wealth on the inferior nations, as the world looked on with jealous admiration. America is where you move from Brooklyn to Smithtown and where your son goes to college and of course makes more money than you did. America is clean. America is nice. America is where you are rewarded for virtue. America is where you feel safe, where you feel good about yourself. Now people are telling them it doesn't exist: the world is scowling at what was once America, the war is indeterminate and Americans themselves are saying we are the bad guy in it, prosperity is faltering badly, and newspapers daily bring pictures of poverty, racism, and crime breaking out all over the surface. The smooth order of America is cracking up and through the cracks are glimpses of chaos. And, as a concerned minister of the town said to me, where there is no stability there can be no transformation.

This lack of identification with existing structures or leaders, the visceral but free-floating America emotion, and the desire for strong, unqualified action makes these people ready for a strong, personalismo leader to whom they can blindly entrust themselves. I now understand why Wallace got such a good reception in Massachusetts. Wallace, it happens, wasn't magnetic enough. But if the right man came along, someone who could reach the bottled-up emotions of these people, he could carry the country away. They seem to want fascism, to want dictatorship, in an American style, to long for a leader to whom they can surrender their fears and attach their America emotion without reserve.

Smithtowners, alert to signs of the enemy with the acuteness of an advanced paranoid, react to political figures, local and national, not according to what is said so much as to the tone. They are extremely sensitive to any indication of leniency, any suggestion of loosening the containment. They are suspicious of abstractions and intellectual complications. They listen for unqualified support of themselves, vital

expression of their fears, and unhesitating condemnation of the cause of those fears. And they listen for the rallying cry.

Gloomy predictions of this nature have been countered with statements that the middle class has always been this way—that they have always been politically detached, unquestioning of authority, intolerant of deviation, materialistic, absorbed in the family and reluctant to reach beyond it, smug and unimaginative about the poor and oppressed, and jealous of their own achievement. And since these attitudes have not driven the country to fascism before, there is no reason to assume that they will do so now. But there have been, I think, some critical changes.

While Smithtowners are detached from the system, they no longer react passively to the political situation. The new mood has been described as a move to the right, but I think it would be more accurately described as an emergence of hard-line views in response to a threat, where previously people were unthreatened and uninvolved. Many

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Smithtowners said that they moved to the right because the "liberal approach wasn't working." Whether they ever positively supported that approach is questionable, but they probably didn't oppose it: the civil rights movement was in the South, far from home, and the poor and the blacks, confined to their ghettos, were not yet openly militant.

The deterioration of the social order, as a result of the turmoil, is a second critical change and an especially terrifying one to Middle Americans who have staked their lives on a pre-packaged deal. People move out of the cities to Smithtown with a series of definite and well-founded expectations: they will have a ready-made house, new and clean, a car, a television, and they will live there contentedly, holding a steady job and bringing up their children, who will grow up and go to college if they can afford it, but who will in any event also get jobs, marry, buy houses, and live their lives in much the same way. There is little room for deviation within the package. You buy your furniture from one of the three furniture stores on Main Street which sell indistinguishable dining-room, bedroom and living-room sets ("nice" furniture). The available clothing stores sell mass-produced, very unsurprising clothes ("nice" clothes), and, like a nun, your endeavor is to conform as closely as possible to the rule of the order. To the extent you fit the image you are a good person. To the extent you deviate, to that extent you fail. The order in return for your conformity promises security, the fulfillment of your expectations, and a life of close-knit continuity.

A third fundamental change has been that middle-class people have lost a sense of identity as an economic class, and

tend now to identify themselves with the interests of big business—the very rich. While they gripe bitterly about their tax money being spent on welfare programs which support lazy people who have no pride, they do not resent the fact that the super-rich are favored by the tax laws in the form of depletion allowances and other loopholes. The reason for this is that the big companies are not only the biggest employers of the middle class—having squeezed out small, self-sufficient private enterprises—but have also taken over the burden of economic responsibility from them. They not only employ them, in which case it might still be a "we-they" situation for the employees, but they become the source of an all-encompassing security in the form of pensions, insurance, and other fringe benefits. Besides that, an amazing number of Smithtowners hold stock in the big—and sure—companies or have shares in mutual funds. So when they feel threatened they do not fall back on their own resources and self-confidence but cling to their membership within the protectorate of the Big Mothers. What's good for Mother is good for them. And they harken to Mother's call.

Smithtowners are ready for a repressive, hard-line rule, not because they are naturally fascist or repressive—on the contrary, they are naturally oblivious—but because for them the disorder is unbearable. We all protect ourselves from pain. Liberals defang issues of their painful implications by talking them into a pulp, and Smithtowners, more vulnerable, call for suppression of the cause of pain. The new revolutionaries, it strikes me, react in much the same way—finding no relief in the liberal position, they seek relief in total rejection and commitment, creating an identity out of confrontation. This is not to say that everyone is fudging the issue, but just that we all accept what we can bear and reject what we cannot. For example, Smithtowners refuse to talk about issues in moral terms not because they have no sense of morality, but because their concept of morality has always been in terms of

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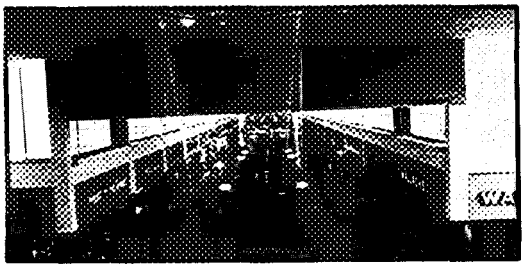
obedience to civil authority and love of God, country, and family. The possibility of the country—of authority—behaving in an immoral way therefore implies a breakdown of the moral structure altogether. Along this line, it was generally felt that illegal conscientious objectors were necessarily cowards, whereas objectors who obtained a legal C.O. status were sincere. To think otherwise would be to invite chaos in by the front door.

In other words, their conservatism is visceral and reflective. Unlike the old elitist conservatism which is expressed almost exclusively in rational terms and prides itself on cerebral clarity versus the muddled talk of the left, the new mass conservatism is an emotional, almost unacknowledged response. Often people would describe Smithtown as conservative and then place themselves to the left of the town as a whole: "I'm more towards the liberal." But after 10 or 15 minutes of conversation, as we got deeper into the immediate issues, the emotional response would begin to emerge, sometimes quick as a whip, sometimes slowly and incompletely, like a sea serpent showing himself at intervals in isolated sections above the water.

I had a conversation with a lady sitting in the laundromat. She described herself as a moderate and said she didn't feel a sense of domestic crisis. Then I asked her what she thought about the racial problem. "I don't want to say what I think," she said. "I think these colored people—nobody is stopping them from getting ahead. Wherever they go they deteriorate the place. The people who go out and work are not complaining. If it was up to me I'd send them back to where they came from. But you go to most of those colored sections and they are dirty. All they do is feel sorry for themselves. Down South it is different—they don't have a chance. Most of the colored people are drug addicts. It's nobody's fault—it's their fault." She came to a stop there, and I asked her how she felt about dissenting students. "They're all sick. Everybody in college is a dope addict. I don't think there is going to be a generation of tomorrow. These rock festivals—thousands and thousands of them—no control of drugs. It's something that goes round and round."

She was an older woman (about 55) sitting with her grandchildren, and like many older people she expressed resignation where younger people reacted more positively. But the bitter indignation, at moments hatred, in her tone, her feeling that there is no future, and the abrupt resolution of this fear in that vague, fatalistic statement "It's something that goes round and round" encapsulates the tone of many other more diffuse conversations I had with Smithtowners. Also typical is her development of a unifying theme, in this case drugs. There were other themes, too, and they are revealing in the images they evoke.

The commonest unifying theme was of course communism: the Panthers are



being trained in Red China, and a few wily militants are putting "communistic" ideas into the heads of the sheep-like many. The Domino Theory also had wide application at home: "If we just let them [the students] go, it would be just like letting the communists walk into Vietnam. It would be stupid" and "You give them [the blacks] a finger and they'll take your arm"—the sense of an overwhelming flood, held back only by force, straining to engulf Middle America.

But the most common thematic image was garbage. I often started a conversation by asking about ecology, because it was a subject people could be straightforward about and also sound progressive. (Smithtowners like to feel

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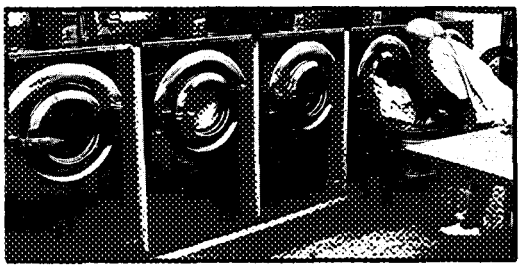
progressive–repressive, reactionary feelings are no fun. I noticed that when a person who was generally conservative hit on an isolated topic about which he held liberal views, he launched into it with a sense of tremendous relief. I recall one man, a cutter in a printing shop, who had recently adopted the left-wing views of his student daughter. He had an almost alarming gleam in his eye and an air of riding on the crest of a wave. He had put himself on the side of the oppressed, of the poor, and most important, of youth, and he obviously felt a lot better than everyone around him.)

But to return to garbage. After expounding on the dangers of pollution, which in Smithtown means garbage, people would then express their fears of the domestic disorders in terms of garbage. Harlem is a garbage free-for-all to many Smithtowners, and if the blacks move out it is inevitable that they will bring it all with them. Long-haired people *are* garbage because they look disordered and unkempt. "Conservatives tend to be neat whereas Democrats are usually sloppy," a man pointed out. A heavily made-up woman suddenly got that bitter, violent look when I mentioned open housing. She had been against open housing because there had been demonstrations in support of it. She was unequivocally against demonstrations. The March on Washington? "The litter!" she spat out, retreating from me. "All that trash dumped on our capital." She was beside herself. She turned away and refused to talk any more.

Another woman, as the climax to a conversation which had touched on the war, migrants ("some of those Puerto Ricans don't know how to use a flushing toilet"), hippies, students, and racism, with her eyes wide, jaw clenched, head tilted stiffly, said: "Ecology is the worst problem. Do you realize there are weeds growing in the parking lot?" It was her final delivery. This woman and her husband had depicted a world that consisted of their scrubbed house and fanatical garden around which swirled a ravenous



sea of dirty people, weeds, and garbage—a perfect image for their fears.

The fact that people fasten on garbage and messiness does not mean their feelings are trivial. The intensity with which they speak testifies to the fact that they are speaking about real fears. All those recurring themes—drugs, communism, garbage—conjure images of uncontrollable and overwhelming forces, and the people of Smithtown feel the ordered structure of their lives, their present and their future, is in danger of being swept away by a raging, uncontainable force.

The force is mysterious to them. Because it is hidden—there is very little external evidence in Smithtown of any of the big problems—because the form the trouble takes is incomprehensible to them, they take the symptoms for the disease and lash out indiscriminately at the nearest symbol of the disorder. Like the father I heard about whose teenage daughter ran away from home: he went down to the Smithaven Mall Ministries, a youth counseling service where a small number of disaffected high-school students hang out ("hippies"), grabbed a boy, who had last seen his daughter six months before, and bashed his head as hard as he could against the wall, while the police detective he had brought with him watched.

The castigation of the press is another example of lashing out at the nearest object, a perfect instance, I think, of assaulting the messenger who brings bad news. The media are their most immediate contact with the troubles, and they are convinced the media are criminally responsible for the news they bear. Over and over again people told me that if the trouble-makers were ignored they would

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give up. They cannot stand the fact that they are being recognized. The anti-press feeling strikes me in a way as one of the most blatant signs of desperation. It is as primitive and uncontrolled as kicking your television because you don't like what the speaker is saying, and it reveals the degree to which they see the disturbances as a personal attack on them. Further, if people believe that the problems can be solved by changing the news, it's little wonder that they believe shooting and incarcerating the protesters will eliminate the cause of the protest.

I have described the people of Smithtown as though they were utterly homogeneous. To a surprising extent this is true—I came across very few deviations from the general trend. And most of the deviates, it turned out, had cut themselves off from the people with whom they disagreed, isolating themselves with a few sympathetic friends, and thus had no impact whatever upon general attitudes in the town. They were usually ignorant of local politics and unconcerned with local attitudes, which they dismissed with sweeping characterizations. This is understandable—another example of self-protection—but it indicates that the isolationism of Middle Americans is not wholly self-inspired. They have very little contact with other views, or other ways of living, partly because, like most of us, they avoid exposing themselves, but also because they are avoided.

I did come across a few instances in which people with independent views had not become aloof from their neighbors and were working to communicate their ideas within the town. They were mostly women—who, I noticed, while capable of greater bitterness, were also often more open and questioning than men—and the issue on which they felt the strongest was the war. Aside from their views, there was nothing to distinguish these people from their neighbors, in their manner or life style, except perhaps a slightly more flexible attitude towards conventions. They were to me very impressive people, serious and astoundingly honest. There was not a modicum of flipness or sloppiness in their thinking, and, even more rare, not the slightest suggestion of complacency. Without exception, their objections were moral objections. They were very few, but perhaps they represent a hope. There is very little chance, it seems to me, for anyone outside their way of life of reaching the Smithtowners.

The young people who had graduated from high school and held jobs in Smithtown were simply more informed and self-confident versions of their elders. I guess their peers who disagreed with the accepted attitudes had moved away to more congenial places, which again is not surprising but another example of how a place like Smithtown stays pure. The high-school students I talked to rebelled against the status quo mainly in their life style. Many of them had long hair, wore moderately anti-middle-class clothes, and smoked marijuana, which were apparently the major points of contention with their parents. But with regard to politics, the commonest reply was "I don't care." Most of them said they would try to avoid the draft but would go if they were caught, as though it were just a bad game, and they didn't seem to care about the race problem, sometimes half-heartedly parroting their parents' views about Negroes running down property values. A lot of them seemed shell-shocked to me—passive, removed, and numb. They talked about impending doom from pollution—they were sure nothing would be done about it—and full-scale nuclear war. Otherwise, they were concerned with making money to spend in their leisure time.

However, I was not able to talk to as many teenagers as I would have liked,

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and perhaps have misrepresented them. Smithtown Central High School is a lively well-equipped place, staffed by young and concerned teachers, most of whom are decidedly to the left of center. I gathered that in the classrooms there is a great emphasis placed on openness to both sides of issues and that history and current events are presented in a vital and critical fashion. It sounded like a very good school.

There is a very small group of totally disaffected teenagers which I came across in the Smithaven Mall Ministries. The Ministries consists of an open, unnoteworthy storefront on the Mall with a desk tended by young people, some racks of posters and other miscellaneous merchandise. Behind, out of sight, are several offices and a coffee shop where the far-out group spends its time. Except for the pool hall it was the only hang-out I came across in all of Smithtown. It was also the only place I found any evidence of serious rebellion. Several of the boys seemed badly undone, and I learned that there have been a number of cases in Smithtown where parents and their teenage children had found it impossible to live together—the Ministries had found places for the children to live—which shows that even Smithtown has not been totally untouched by those problems they generally place beyond the town limits. "This is the one place kids can come and know they won't be hassled," they told me. "The people outside think of this place as the black hole, and all they want is that we're kept out of sight." Outside the back door several police cars are drawn up to the curb, "waiting to hassle the kids." Unhappiness was very thick backstage in the Ministries: it hung in the air, an almost tangible bewilderment and heaviness of heart. "It bothers some of the older people to see the kids happy," they said. "We're breaking all the rules and getting away with it."

Coming across the Ministries in the Mall was a shock, like lifting one of those dacron shirts and finding an open wound. But it was also a relief in a way, too, because while Smithtowners are wounded, terrified people, there is very little evidence of their state of mind on the surface. If anything, the surface of Smithtown is characterized only by its unexceptional quality, by neutral indifference and utter lack of resonance. It takes a special effort to look hard even at the townscape because there is something so dully empirical about it. When you come upon the Ministries, or when violent emotion suddenly breaks through an uninspired, everyday manner, it is as though your mind had slipped. And when the surface, suddenly translucent, becomes opaque again and you stand in the neutral street, one can hardly believe what one has just seen. The inner and outer lives of the people of Smithtown are so rigorously segregated that one can hardly keep them both in mind at the same time.

Billy Backer, mother of nine children, is a trim, blond women of about 40, with a slightly bird-like face, a pale complexion, and large, calmly intense eyes. She lives in a modest house among many modest houses in the scrubby little hills off the Jericho Turnpike on the outskirts of Smithtown. Last year James Woods, her oldest son by her first marriage, was sent to Vietnam. He was shot in the back of his head, and a month later, almost exactly a year ago, he died.

About a mile down the highway from Mrs. Backer's house is the Commack Shopping Center, a bleak complex with a mammoth parking lot. The light is glaring and low-contrast, whatever the weather. It is a desolate, seasonless place—anywhere in America. On the Saturday after her son's funeral, Mrs. Backer put on her black dress and a black scarf, took the floral cross that had lain on her son's grave, and walked down the Jericho Turnpike past the hamburger stands, the gas stations, alongside the four-lane traffic, to the Commack Shopping Center. There she spent about two hours amid the Saturday crowd, the

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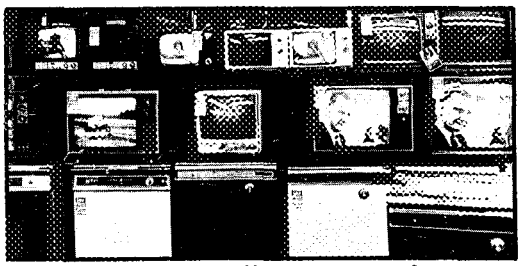
leisure-time shoppers, telling people why she was dressed that way, telling them "the American Dream has turned into a nightmare," telling people who had "those little war flags" pasted on their shop windows or their cars that "our sons are being smothered under flags in their coffins." She said "humanity is stark, raving mad" and that "every mother of every nation must start a



peace movement." Except for one woman who told her she shouldn't "do this in front of children," people responded very sympathetically. She speaks in a slightly hoarse monotone with an eloquence which seems to derive from the latent energy of her feeling. One has little choice but to respond to Billy Backer.

But when she had crossed the highway on her way home, two police cars drew up and the officer in the first car told her to get in. "I'm not about to step into a police car without a good reason," she replied. "What's your name?" he asked. "I'll get a lawyer and he'll give you my name," she said. The cop then retorted, "Lady, when a police officer asks you for your name, you had better give it," whereupon she dashed across the highway back to the shopping center.

The police pulled across and stopped her again. "We think you are confused in your grief," the policeman said this time, "and should be placed in the protective custody of a psychiatric hospital." "You are confused," she replied, "and the government is confused if they think they can slaughter my son and expect me to keep quiet about it." By this time a crowd had gathered and a young man told Mrs. Backer that if she went into a shop they would have to have a warrant to arrest her. So she went into a shop, leafed through a phone book, and called the first lawyer she could find. The lawyer suggested he talk to the policeman, but despite repeated requests the policeman refused to go to the phone. By now, there were eight police cars outside as well as a large police van. But the crowd had also grown and was wholly sympathetic to Mrs. Backer. When a bus came along they opened a passageway, and crouching down she sneaked through their midst, got on the bus, reached up to deposit her fare while still crouching, and sat on the floor as the bus drove away.

The people on the bus stared in silence at the woman sitting on the floor dressed in black and holding a floral cross, who had apparently just given the slip to eight police cars. "In case you are wondering what is going on. . . ." she said, and proceeded to tell them. They just looked and shook their heads. A mile down the road she got off the bus, walked up the hill, down the hill and up another to her house and her living children.*

Middle America is everywhere and nowhere. Smithtown is Middle America. When I think of Smithtown I think of the apathy and the latent violence, of the goodness of the people and their vulnerability. I think of standing in the parking lot at dusk and hearing the sound of the dead old bell of the Presbyterian Church at the junction, sad and incongruous, pathetically local in a place without a heart. And I think of Billy Backer in the Commack Shopping Center, not pathetic but apocalyptic, a bizarre, disaster–ridden figure: the woman in the concrete desert, wearing black, carrying a floral cross, challenging stranded souls in the death world around her with a steady, driven gaze. ■

*Billy Backer has persisted in her efforts. With $5,000 in Army insurance money, she has set up a James Woods Universal Memorial, which includes a storefront in the Commack Shopping Center. Anyone interested can write Billy Backer, 53 Churchill Drive, Smithtown, L.I., N.Y.

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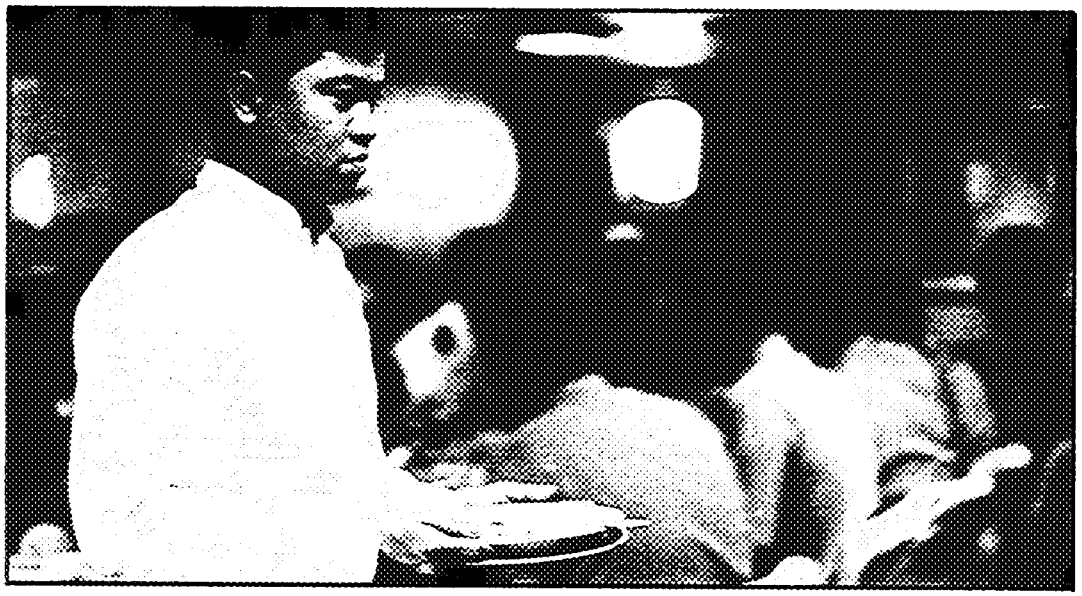
The Floating Plantation



Photographs by Larry W. Howe

by Timothy H. Ingram

One of the knottiest problems of the age of liberation, as Tom Wolfe sees it, is the servant problem. The uncertain scepter of equality has caught many people between the unthinkable prospect of cleaning up for themselves and the unwillingness of minority groups to continue putting in long hours at low pay to clean up for them.

Timothy Ingram is an associate of the public television series, "The Advocates."

The Coast Guard and the Navy are the only institutions that have found a sure solution to this modern dilemma without, as usual, having to lift a finger. They use Filipinos as their unending source of docile, cheap, and unquestioning labor, and assignment to the steward rating is a mandatory condition for Filipino enlistment.

There are few ways a Filipino in the U.S. military can escape serving our country by serving meals in the officers'

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mess or cleaning officers' quarters. Promotion upward from the steward class is almost frozen. Of the 16,669 Filipino aliens in the U.S. Navy, 13,384, or over 80 per cent, are relegated to the ship galleys as stewards. Nearly all of the 800 to 900 Filipinos in the Coast Guard are stewards. In no case can a non-U.S.-citizen Filipino become a commissioned officer.

This colonial arrangement works on land as well as at sea. Of the 365 stewards at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, 258 are Filipino. In the Academy's huge mess hall (the biggest single dining room in the world), you can see the Filipino tablemen, kept jumping by the more than 4,000 young midshipmen, refilling milk pitchers, meat and vegetable dishes, and glasses of iced tea.

At the White House, Filipino messboys serve presidential advisers, staff members, and assorted bigwigs in the staff dining room. The White House seems reluctant to talk about this. A series of nine calls there, inquiring into how many Filipinos worked in the dining room, resulted in hemming and hawing and bureaucratic run-around. The commander of the Naval Aide's office said such questions were "pretty complicated things to get into" and shuffled them off to Press Secretary Ron Ziegler's office, where five more calls were jockeyed back and forth between three people for two days with promises to get back with the information. They never did.

Filipino messboys also provide that added touch of luxury and class to the Coast Guard dining room for Department of Transportation executives. In fact, during discussions a few years ago between the Treasury Department, who then had jurisdiction over the Coast Guard, and the Department of Transportation, who was seeking that jurisdiction, one of the important points of contention, along with who would have access to the Coast Guard airplanes for European trips, was who would get to use that plush dining room with all those snappy Filipinos hopping to it and providing such wonderful service. Filipino stewards are also requisitioned by the Defense Department to add class to important dinners.

Aboard ship, stewards are employed as officers' personal houseboys. Their duties are those of cook, waiter, cabin boy, and dishwasher. On shore duty, many stewards are assigned directly to Navy brass—in fact, stewards, like stripes, increase as rank increases. Normally, an admiral is a three-steward man, while a captain has a one-steward rating. In this way, officers can continue to live out the lazy slob syndrome, which gets them fattened and paralyzed into easy chairs as they become more and more important. Stewards are the key to the future of this syndrome.

The steward branch exists solely for our floating services, while the other services, the Army, Air Force, and Marine Corps, assign KP duty to enlisted men on a rotational basis, and rarely for the length of a hitch. In fact, the Defense Department found KP so demeaning to the non-floating serviceman that in 1968 it was abolished for most servicemen. This decree required the military to convert to use of civilians for food service jobs by mid-1970, "except in those cases where military necessity dictates otherwise." The demand for stewards at shore stations and at the academies would be cut considerably, if not entirely, by this measure, but to date the Navy has not implemented this policy change.

In asking such a change, the military does not take into account the psychological advantage of having a Filipino messboy. It is no fun being served by highly paid and surly civilians when you can have polite Filipinos actually in the service to cater to your every whim. In fact, there are less than 3,000 non-Filipino stewards in the Navy.

The steward recruitment program is unique to the Philippines, which is the only country in which the U.S. is allowed—or has even requested—the right to enlist foreign nationals into its armed forces. (One could hardly imagine a U.S.

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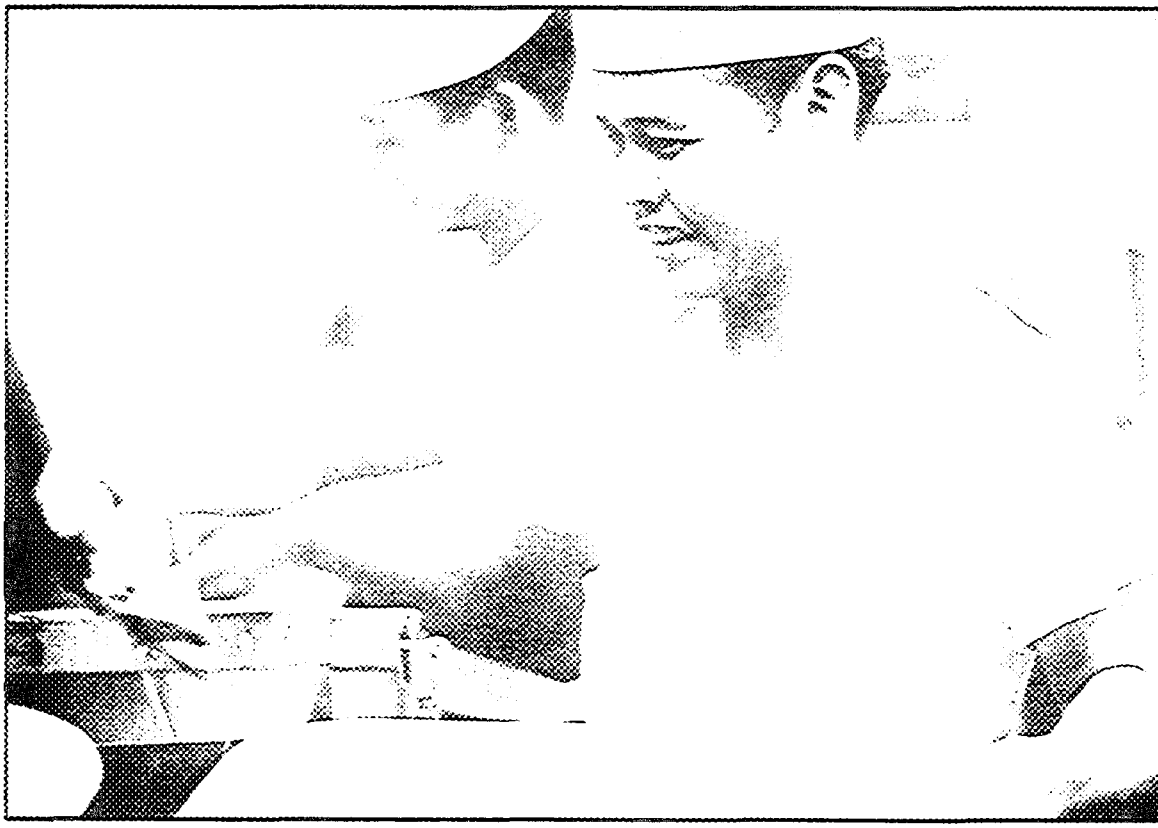
Navy Recruiting Station in Paris, for example.) And the privilege is unilateral in the sense that the Philippines does not have the right to recruit American stewards for the Philippine Army. This novel arrangement was solemnized by treaty in the 1947 U.S.-P.I. Military Bases Agreement and was only made possible through the historic "special ties" between the two countries.

Naturally, the Navy and Coast Guard are reluctant to alter the nature of this special relationship, and so the Filipinos run into a thick wall of opposition when requesting advancement or transfer out of the steward branch. A 34-year-old electrician's mate on the *U.S.S. Hornet* cites his own case. "Every six months for seven years," he says, "I took and passed the qualifying tests for a specialty rating. The only way I finally made it was through an admiral. I worked for him on shore duty. He liked me, so he pulled some strings."

Filipino isolation from the rest of the Navy or Coast Guard is also complicated by language problems. According to Rear Admiral R. R. Crutchfield, assistant chief for Plans and Programs within the Bureau of Naval Personnel, "Filipino utilization in other than the stewardsmanship rating, for which they are recruited, is hampered by less than a full grasp of the English language." But although language and cultural problems exist, the Navy neither provides nor encourages language or skill training beyond that required for messboy duties. Filipinos normally stick together and have segregated billeting on the larger ships.

Part of their language problem involves learning the ample set of nicknames that goes along with the Filipino's special status, including: "brown monkey," "gook," "flip" (short for Filipino), "mess cook," "pineapple picker" (usually reserved for Hawaiians), and



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"benji boy" (or "bacalot," which means "faggot").

Another key phrase that keeps Filipinos in their place is "security necessity," which is used in current Navy regulations in regard to ratings which normally require access to classified information. Such ratings are closed to Filipinos, as security clearances are not granted to foreign nationals. Furthermore, Filipinos have little luck in advancing to positions for which there is no required security clearance.

The Filipino steward program is justified by the Navy on many of the same grounds used to justify the old bracero farm program, in which foreigners were also recruited to do work involving tasks thought menial and degrading for which there was a supposed shortage of American labor. The defense is that Filipinos like this kind of work. They are satisfied with their lot. They are glad to be stewards. To prove this, the Navy points to the phenomenally high reenlistment rate among Filipino stewards—averaging 90 per cent, as compared to 35 per cent for overall Navy reenlistments. Most Filipinos stay in until they are able to retire after 20 years. Many also see the Navy as a way of achieving U.S. citizenship, although the Navy does not release figures on how many stewards have become U.S. citizens.

The competition to become a messboy is fierce. As many as 100,000 applications from Filipinos are received annually at the recruiting headquarters at Sangley Point Naval Base. Only 1,000 to 2,000 steward positions are filled by the Navy each year, depending on the need for galley labor. Chief Steward Benjamin Barbarin, formerly of the U.S. Naval Academy, puts it succinctly: "They join to escape the poverty of their barrios. They need a job—and jobs just aren't available in the Philippines."

This is the classic justification for discriminatory labor practices, hire somebody who is so bad off that he will be glad to accept a lousy deal from you. The Mexican braceros enjoyed the opportunities afforded them by stoop labor, too, just as the plantation workers were glad to pick cotton. But this does not mean that Filipinos wouldn't be even happier if they were allowed the same chances for advancement as any other Navy enlistee, although such a circumstance would mean the Navy would have to give up that cheery, though false, self-confidence that comes from knowing there is somebody below you who can always be counted on to do the hard work. Such a group still exists in the Filipinos, but the Navy has had to look halfway around the globe to find it.

The Filipinos themselves are unlikely to pressure the Navy for reform. They generally regard obligations of friendship as inviolate matters of honor and rarely question authority. Recently, a steward gave the typical rationale for his lack of protest: "I can't complain. No one forced me to join. But it's too bad I can't get training I can use."

Even if they were inclined to activism, Filipinos are foreigners in the military service. They have no vote and no congressman, and they would have a difficult time forcing democratic reforms up the chain of command.

The Navy and the Coast Guard will eventually have to decide whether the Filipino recruitment program, a remnant of colonial rule, is really worth it.

The Navy is considering plans to solve the steward problem by expanding the scope of steward duties (to serving enlisted men as well as officers and to teaching stewards how to cook as well as serve food, for instance). It also is weighing a proposal to euphemize away the problem by changing the program's name to something like "commissary" instead of "steward."

But such half-remedies won't alter the fact that the whole concept of a steward branch—of the white-glove social traditions and of cabin boys—seems strangely out of place today, particularly in the midst of demands for recognition of equality and civil rights. Only the Navy, whose grip on the past is always firm, could continue such a policy as long as it has. ■

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Memo of the Month:

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS 60201

VICE PRESIDENT AND CONTROLLER
633 CLARK STREET

TELEPHONE: (312) 492-3333

August 14, 1970

TO ALL DEANS AND DEPARTMENT HEADS

During the past week we have been visited by a representative of the CIA with regard to foreign travel by faculty and staff members. Under our security agreement with the United States Government we are required to report the foreign travel of all cleared employees as follows:

1. Travel of all individuals to Communist Bloc countries.

2. Foreign travel to all other countries for the purpose of attending an international meeting at which members of Communist Bloc countries will be in attendance.

These reports are filed with the Industrial Security Office in Chicago, and as a matter of record, this office forwards a copy to CIA. On the average, we file about six reports each year.

To expand this program the CIA has requested that we, as a matter of routine procedure, notify them of all foreign travel by all faculty and staff. After discussing this request with President Strotz it was agreed that we should not supply this information either as a routine or special procedure and that the CIA would have to seek this information through regular information channels available to the general public.

In the future, if the CIA calls directly on you for this information, we would suggest that you use your best judgment in handling the request, consistently with the University policy as stated above.

Very truly yours,

/s/ A. T. Schmehling
Vice President and Controller

ATS/js

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Richard Nixon, The Last Liberal

by Garry Wills

It is the classic summons, the steam hoot in the night, for American youth of this century's first decades—the yearning west toward horizons, or east (in Thomas Wolfe's case, north) toward cities. In Nixon's case, which? Not west. His father had been stung toward California by the cold; as a conductor on the open streetcars of Columbus, Ohio, he got frostbite in both feet. But technicolor clouds on vistas of prairie, the seductive gold rush, myths of frontier opportunity, meant nothing to his son. For him the West was a dirt road to the market in Los Angeles. Any further west was ocean. He had to turn back.

East, then? If frontiers had a lure of the new, the East means, in the mind's topography, return to the old. To Europe, ultimately—as a pilgrim like Henry James, or explorer like Hemingway. The man who reaches New York from California has already crossed most of the Atlantic. But that was unthinkable, for Nixon. Even when he finally reached New York, it was as an outsider, perched there uncomfortably for business—the business, mainly, of politics. It too was a place to be escaped.

Toward what, then, did he yearn—desire going out footloose after trains that strode, stopped, and jangled in his mind? The freights that rolled out of California, piercing the coastal mountains, took with them loads of the exportable Southwest (lemons, oranges, pellets of sun) and moved inland, back toward the frostbite—to the heartland, where Nixon, campaigning in Indiana or Ohio, always says dutifully, "My roots are here." But the virtue of inland America resides, exclusively, in residing there; in the gyrating nuclear stability of tight town life—the small bits of 19th century left in midwestern enclaves, cat's cradles of people. Disappearing places, and ones from which many, especially the young, now disappear. Nixon could not return there. He was left adrift, vaguely "heartland" in his sympathies, but unanchored; at home finally with the homeless, in Florida, with those who retire from America.

He had no goal he stretched toward, down the track, since there was nothing in Whittier, California, he rejected. He was not a rebel, against parents or school or religion. He transcended Whittier by

Garry Wills is a Baltimore journalist. This article is excerpted from his book, Nixon Agonistes, *to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin Co.* *© 1969, 1970 by Garry Wills.*

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an act of super-Whittierism. The flame of ambition burned absolutely pure in him. He wanted more than Whittier, but not something definably different from Whittier. He had no bright alternative norms, real or delusionary, against which Whittier was tried and found wanting. His hero was the engineer throwing a switch that set things in motion—the process, not the destination; the rising, not having risen.

When he yearned away, when his mind churned, when he drew apart, when the trains chugged, it was not the magic of a destination that moved him—the inland, the frostbite, the other coast, Europe, other worlds. It was the sheer energy of the effort—the train panting, heaving tons of weight forward; men working all night to fill its capacious maw, their dim light hitting the snorts of steam, puffs of the white whale; then, with grind and pulsation, all the "physical symptoms of tension," the engine picking up labors of a whole neighborhood to run nimbly down its preordained track; not choosing, just pulsing on, making time, racing itself, improving its past mark. Nixon, watching, listening, was not alone with saints or demons or a mad inspiring dream—to be priest, king, poet, merchant, god. He was alone with himself, the strain and grind, lift and rhythmic throw of his own gears, the need to test himself, pull hard down the track and earn *(churn)*, deserve *(chug-chug)*, achieve. "He did not spare himself."

He jumped onto the tracks, not for release. They imprisoned him in welcome iron lanes of effort, down which he could pound intently—where? Everywhere. Nowhere. The turn of wheel, build-up of steam is what counts, the keyed-up edgy feeling of man pushing himself to the limit. So instead of getting more *than* Whittier, he just got more *of* Whittier—of America's iron morality of rails. No goal but the time-out land, to turn around in, of Key Biscayne, and no respite but occasional collapse into Dr. Peale's bath of frothy religious soft soap, guaranteed to cleanse the pistons for even faster pumping. *Ur-Amerikaner* on his tracks, all clank of earnestness, hiss and puff of self-improvement.

Whittier to Key Biscayne is a low trajectory. He told me, early in 1968, that his Quaker heritage made him reticent about religion. That reticence gave some promise of depth. But alas, when he does feel impelled to speak out, disjointed

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Nixon seems to have looked at religion through Cecil B. DeMille's eyes.

things float to the surface—as when he wrote in Billy Graham's magazine about the time his father took him to a California revival. The religious ceremonies he confected for his entry into the White House included a second viewing of the three-hour film "The Shoes of the Fisherman." He seems always to have looked on religion through Cecil B. DeMille's eyes. Trying to give a sympathetic portrait of his two daughters, he wrote in 1961: "The difference in the personalities of our two girls, who are in many ways, of course, very much alike, was illustrated by their reactions to the motion picture, "King of Kings." Julie exclaimed, 'It was wonderful! I cried so much.' Tricia said, 'I didn't cry when Christ died—He had suffered so much. I cried during the Sermon on the Mount because it was so beautiful.' "

The standard of style in the White House has not, it is true, been high—the style of a risen haberdasher, a retired general, a Boston Irishman on the make, a Senate wheeler-dealer. Yet other Presidents did have style, each his own, because they were marked with region and real likes; each had a usable background and personal tradition. The true, very likable Kennedy was there beneath the surface pose—Boston pol with his Irish Mafia and Navy pals. Eisenhower, it should not be forgotten, ran a White House of exquisite courtesy. (Besides, he actually liked golf—he was freed from Nixon's strain of pretending.) And Truman, though vulgar as the Mississippi, had some of its earthy majesty. Johnson's faults were those of a man who had fed on power, and who seemed to grow in the time of power's going off. But Nixon is at the mercy of his past, without quite possessing it. They still have not found *him* under it all—the dissembler, the inner decider, the disciplined man pitted always against himself (as when bowling). He is the living fulfillment of the Alger period's success manuals.

Nixon, so ill-at-ease among strangers, remains guarded with intimates, with his very family—hiding grievances from his brother under stiff decorum, writing his mother in the tones of a geriatric manual. The closest the public has come to a glimpse of Nixon in the bosom of his family was on the night of his nomination in Miami. He sat in a chair pulled forward from the others, communing with the TV set, with his yellow legal pad, with himself. When Wisconsin took him over the top, those behind him—Pat, the girls—celebrated quietly, hardly trusting victory, fooled by it before. But some relief—some surrender to joy, however measured—showed in all the others. Not in Nixon. His hand, his head, did not rise from the pad. He was motionless—not, certainly, from lack of response. There was scurry and alertness of all kinds inside him: slide of lenses, click of tumblers, snag of safety catch. A stern internal monitoring, a ceaseless self-correcting process, "corrected" him into immobility. His very busyness kept him still. At last, though, the inner wheels fell into place: he tore the top sheet off his pad, handed it back toward empty air (not to anyone in particular—all his bets are hedged, even in this company), and said, "Does someone want this for a souvenir?" After all the computer-preliminaries, this act, too, was tentative, diffident. Finally he allowed himself a grin, carefully, eyes scouting toward the camera, quick surveillance raids always detected.

He is the least "authentic" man alive, the late mover, tester of responses, submissive to "the discipline of consent." A survivor. There is one Nixon only,

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He lacks the stamp of place or personality because the Market is death to style, and he is the Market's servant.

though there seem to be new ones all the time—he will try to be what people want. He lacks the stamp of place or personality because the Market is death to style, and he is the Market's servant. His aim has always been the detached mind, calculating, freed for observing the free play of political ideas, ready to go with the surviving one. This makes him stand for all that the kids find contrived, what they call "plastic." They are the opposite; plunging, ready to take risks. They move up as close as they can to each experience, flow out to it, undergo it for its own sake; only in this way will it be known, tested, given proper weight in their intensely private evaluative process, their inner "market."

Nixon draws back, disengages. As his priest-speechwriter noticed, successive drafts by Nixon get more bland, increasingly safe as they say less. In a blundering toward confrontation with each other, Nixon and the kids are not only masked but blindfolded, opposed twin parodies of Market process, one the measure of the other's excess. The "privileged" students, without having the tasks, have some of the attitudes of an aristocracy—mainly this: they have no doubt of their own worth. They do not feel they must earn dignity. For this reason Nixon, and Nixon's America, cannot trust them: as Nixon told Theodore White, "They were given too much, too easily; and this weakened them."

The relaxed ways of the kids became, at Nixon's inauguration and the Woodstock Festival, a literally unbuttoned and unbra'd openness, a celebration of hair and nudity—while Nixon is the most doggedly dressed man imaginable. At private meetings where others are in shirt sleeves, Nixon stays creased and encased. He could not appear rumpled and wrinkly, like Rockefeller or Bob Kennedy—he would look seedy. He has not been able to affect shirt sleeves like Romney, Percy, Lindsay—he would seem somehow violated. With other politicians, informality exposes the man behind the office, a range of personality that extends beyond political role. But Nixon does not exist outside his role, apart from politics: take his clothes off, he would be invisible.

His rigid wall of decorum, in dress and manner, is one of the means he uses to fend off the world, avoid participation in it. He speaks across the palings of stiff custom and a tie. This armor makes his stiltedness less noticeable. The more dressed up a man is—any man—the more he resembles a puppet. So if you are puppetlike in the first place, you should meet men laced into formalest attire. That is why Nixon restored white-tie ceremony to the White House. Some, it is true, took the toy hats and tunics added to White House police as a sign of Nixon's imagination, of a latent romanticism. Quite the opposite. Each added symbol of uniform, function, office makes man's role in the social chess game clearer, his place marked, moves limited. Clothes structure a situation, makes things predictable, reduce their menace. In that sense Nixon's Graustark troops guard him with ceremony, ward off the phantoms of his insecurity.

Nixon must put such barriers around him, extend the interval between stimulus and response, gain time to consider all sides of a thing. When he came to the White House, he said he would retire for private contemplation to a study in the Executive Office Building: "I like to work in a relatively small room with my papers all around. When I have to do brainwork, I'll go over there." It was hard to find an appropriate spot in the

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Nixon does not woo the Forgotten American cynically; he agrees with the silent majority.

crowded EOB, but Nixon pushed his project through. Even the White House is, for him, a thing to be stepped away from, sized up at some distance. When he cannot get over to the EOB, he leaves the Oval Office, after advisers have given him counsel, to ponder matters in the Lincoln Sitting Room. He announced, shortly after his inauguration, that he would not make decisions in the presence of advisers, no matter how intimate.

This withdrawal to ever higher ground, to some lonely vantage for decision making, is meant to keep things manageable, distanced, under wide survey. Two of Nixon's favorite metaphors deal with the burner (move other things to back burners, keep one thing on the front one) and the plate (there is enough on the plate, don't add to it). His whole operation is geared to give him the right "input." All data must be sifted, filtered, processed five ways by the time it reaches him. The first thing he did when he entered the Oval Office was order Johnson's $13,000 three-screen TV console (for watching news on all networks) removed to Herb Klein's office. The AP and UPI tickers were put at Pat Buchanan's disposal. Americans have, to their dismay, participated nightly in the color-screen war of Vietnam. Nixon will not do that; he wants his news in summary capsules, mediated, boiled down to impersonal content. Nor are cameras allowed to scrutinize him as they did his predecessors. Kennedy liked to be photographed making decisions, even tough ones like the Cuban blockade. Johnson, watching his three TV screens (kept on all day so he would not have to wait for them to warm up), was constantly watched by an official photographer. But Nixon told his camera man, Ollie Atkins, to be present only on ceremonial occasions.

The development of his staff system has been toward ever greater refinement, reduction, purification of what gets to him through his "final filter," John Ehrlichman. The movement was toward ideal unity—a striving for the one-man State Department (Kissinger), one domestic surrogate (Agnew), one "program" man (Shultz), one staff expert (Ehrlichman), one politics man (Dent), one general adviser (Mitchell), one official friend (Rebozo). One burner. One plate. One decider.

He lives in a cleared circle, an emotional DMZ, space razed and defoliated, so he cannot be "got to" unexpectedly. If it seems a lonely way of living, it is his chosen way, and long has been. What the presidency gives him is ever larger decisions to make, and more resources for concentration on that task. For years he has burned and razed this space for his mind to work in, detaching himself from his surroundings ("I developed the ability long ago to do one thing while thinking of another"). He keeps his mind at a deliberate remove from his body.

He believes in the moral reward for effort, the spiritual quality of success—all that disappearing ethos he appealed to and is trying to resuscitate. He does not woo the Forgotten American cynically; he *agrees* with the silent majority. Those who misunderstand him simply have not listened to him, trusted him or what he says. When he writes that "selflessness is the greatest asset an individual can have," he is the same man who told a college orator to concentrate on issues as an escape from paralyzing self-consciousness. The unmistakable note is struck in that word "asset," in the bookkeeper's approach to religion. Even the world's troubles can lead to individual peace of mind: "The bigger the problem,

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Woodrow Wilson's speeches form a bridge across our recent history that leads from Horatio Alger straight to Richard Nixon.

the broader its consequences, the less does an individual think of himself." (Wilson had said the same thing: "It was possible, when necessary, for a man to lose his own personal existence, even to seem to himself to have no individual life apart from his official duties.")

Nixon seems to liken himself to Wilson not only in terms of principles but of temperament—Wilson was a lonely, misunderstood leader. Nixon considers himself an introspective intellectual somewhat out of place in the glad-handing world of politics. (Wilson, it is true, was a formal academician for a long period, but he was not as good a student as Nixon—he had difficulty getting his doctorate.) Both men had a pious, provincial upbringing—Nixon in Quakerism, Wilson in his preacher-father's Presbyteriansim. Both remained personally ascetic, abstract in their thinking, sensitive to criticism, sheltered by their family and entourage (both men had daughters only, and lived cushioned in feminine solicitude).

Wilson was a devout believer in the free market and "the forgotten American." Hofstadter points out that "Wilson's speeches, the best parts of which are printed in *The New Freedom*, sound like the collective wail of the middle class." The speeches he refers to form a solid bridge across our recent history, a bridge that leads from Horatio Alger straight to Richard Nixon.

During the 1960s, Horatio Alger was being called back onto the raft, but he had to be called softly, by signals no one would admit he saw. Too many liberals had spent too much time laughing at the mystique of the "self-made man" for them to welcome Alger back in his familiar guise. But the liberals could argue that "status resentment" is the key to the American's mobility, his lack of social identity derived from a class system, make it necessary for the democratic personality to be "tough," to have a certain inner-direction suitable to this "land of opportunity." Such a line of thought carried us more than halfway back to individualism and the whole ethic of earning. It was easy for Richard Goodwin to say that Jefferson would have understood middle-class discontent at a time when men are not masters of their own fate. Initiative, individualism, "middle-class values" were respectable again. Of course, there had been a lot of rhetoric over the dam, "Left" rhetoric aimed at the bourgeois way of life; but the liberals could forget that by calling unhappy Mid-Americans their spiritual "proletariat," a group not materially but spiritually deprived, starving for power over their lives. And it is the job of the intelligentsia to give the "proletariat" what it clamors for.

In the same way, it would have been difficult for liberals to welcome back, directly and in one operation, "conservative" emphases on stability and property. Thirties rhetoric against "standpatters" and "vested interests" had obscured the fact that Locke's liberalism was founded on his concept of property. But "mainstream" thinking came to the rescue again, blunting ideological hostility. Burkean continuity was not to be seen as a separate "ideology" but as the vehicle carrying our Lockean consensus down through history. The New Deal was no longer the "revolution" its enemies called it (and some of its friends imagined it); it was now the Establishment. Attacks on it were radical, and defenders of it could be accepted, in a sense, as Tories. Thus, surprising as Moynihan's speech seemed in 1967, the ground had been laid for it in the fifties: he could defend stability

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Nixon was more self-made, more religious, and much closer to the common man than Eisenhower.

because he was addressing an audience with a stake in the liberal Establishment. The consensus thinkers had described a Lockean theory upheld by Burkean loyalties; in just their sense Moynihan described his welfare plan as a Whig measure proposed by Tory men, and tried to make his own hero, Disraeli, the patron saint of the Nixon Administration.

The consensus thinkers believed they were describing a permanent feature of American life when in fact they were returning to a specific period and its doctrines, to America's pre-Depression classical liberalism. They could not admit this, even to themselves—especially to themselves. The note of self-deception can be seen in all the liberals' attacks on Eisenhower, who was blamed for the blandness of the fifties, for the silence of the students, for the homogenizing effects of "Madison Avenue," for the Mass Culture criticized by Dwight Macdonald. Yet the real intellectual basis for the decade's muted tone, its ideological retardedness, had been laid before Eisenhower ever took office. *The Vital Center* was published three years before Ike's election; the ADA had, back in 1948, tried to make Ike its candidate, a national hero to embody a nontheoretical national consensus.

For, make no mistake about it, if our way of life derives from America's "givenness," Nixon is what will be given us. We do not, as Louis Hartz thought, have our Locke preserved for us by Burke, but by Horatio Alger. And if ideology is to end at the roots of American character, it will end in agreement on the sacredness of earning. "Status resentment" is not an accidental by-product of liberalism, but the essential fuel for all our competitive races. And if a New Conservatism looks for an American version of Metternich, it will not find him in Adlai Stevenson; it will find him where Henry Kissinger, another Metternich admirer, now seeks him, in Richard Nixon. It will find him in Moynihan's miniature Yankee Disraeli. Another conservative, Ralph de Toledano, tried to describe Nixon as a modern Disraeli during the fifties; but that attempt was made too early. The fifties could not quite accept Nixon because the work of the fifties had not been completed.

Nixon was the most distasteful part of the Eisenhower regime, because he epitomized all those traits liberals wanted to ignore when they celebrated the American "mainstream." He was more self-made than Eisenhower. He was more religious—Ike started going to church when he sought office; Nixon "brought the church home with him" when he entered the White House. He was more competitive, *much* closer to the common man, and full of that resentment our emulative ethic breeds. And—here was the true scandal, the stumbling block even brightest analysts could not get over—Nixon logically completed the picture by being more deeply and consistently liberal than Eisenhower. Phrases like "equal opportunity" and "self-determination" mean something to Nixon. To Eisenhower, they were just phrases; he had not been educated enough to believe in the learned myths. Nixon is a politician, and, like all politicians, he must use every margin left him for maneuver. But his basic beliefs are in that very system toward which the fifties thinkers groped their way. Nixon is at one with Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover in all things that united those earlier Presidents. He believes in, he summarizes, he is the apt spokesman for (and the final

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Nixon believes in civil rights, only he believes Man's first right is the right to earn.

product of) classical liberalism. Eisenhower was a cover, like so much else in the fifties—he disguised the basic shift taking place, a shift back toward the man Eisenhower thought so little of, toward his own Vice President.

Even now commentators do not see that Nixon is the authentic voice of the surviving American liberalism. They speak of his policy as a matter of zigs and zags, a welter of compromises, a muddling through the moment under prods of hope or fear. "Conservatives" (i.e., Thurmond and Mitchell) are played off against "liberals" (i.e., Finch and Moynihan), North is pitted against South. Nixon is guided, we are told, not by principle but by an inbuilt instinct for omnidirectional placation ("Give him a choice from one to ten and he will always choose five"). Yet there has been a connectedness in the programs Nixon personally espoused. "Black capitalism," for instance, is not a mere sop to the Negro community (ineffectual sop)—Nixon believes in civil rights, only he believes man's first right is the right to earn. His diversion of civil rights energy into the North, though it may soothe Senator Thurmond, is based on the liberal principle of Interchangeability, a principle Nixon, no less than its major spokesman (Moynihan), accepts. A tough line toward student protesters and marchers is part of John Mitchell's strategy for winning Wallace types to Nixon, but it is in perfect accord with Nixon's own compulsive sense of tidiness and order. The President's devotion to "self-determination for the Vietnamese" is not a mere cover for our actions in Vietnam; it is a Wilsonian ideal very dear to Nixon. The voluntarization of the draft is meant to buy off student opposition to the war—but it is also in line with Nixon's general hope (officially handed over to George Romney and Mrs. Nixon) that private action can make governmental compulsion unnecessary in many spheres of life.

The coherence of Nixon's own views has not generally been recognized, and for an important reason: this would involve the admission that American liberalism and the emulative ethic cohere—inhere, rather, in each other. All our liberal values track back to a mystique of the earner.

The concept of the self-made man has been the key to America's liberalism. The central tenet of the great historical school of liberal thought has been a belief in self-regulation. If one simply removes imposed controls, the economy can be self-regulating (Smith), as the ecological balance (Malthus) and the animal world (Darwin) are self-regulating. If one removes controls, man can be self-regulating (Locke); even ideas can be self-regulating (Mill). If colonial and imperial controls are removed, the nations can be self-regulating (Wilson). But the problem with the concept of self-regulation is that it *is* a form of regulation—that is, of control; and, among men at least, the regulating powers belong to a part of the community, not to the whole. Yet since the whole of the community is the "self" at issue, how can we say that the system is self-regulating unless the *whole* governs? The quest for a system of self-regulation thus becomes the quest for a "self" able to act for the whole. Locke argued toward the view that, mystically speaking, the majority *is* the whole. Subtler trackers on this spoor have argued that a concatenation of branches and houses is ("representatively") the whole ("Publius"), or that a "concurrence" of numbers, interests, and geographical areas is the whole (Calhoun). Modern variations are continually played

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The last two decades seem to bear witness to a single trend: the inevitability of Nixon.

on this theme: diversity-rule (Burns), "minorities rule" (Robert Dahl), "countervailing" rule (Galbraith). None of these equations is satisfying—cannot be, since the basis of the discussion is that liberal complex of metaphors (the Market, the Contract, the Starting Line, the National Self) which forms a neat cluster of mutually reinforcing arguments, but never did correspond with social reality. The belief in self-regulation runs into the same difficulties that plague the idea of self-determination—the impossibility of finding a "self" to do the regulating.

If this problem cannot be resolved in theory, it can be coped with psychologically. Since, in liberal theory, the community is based on the individual, the solution to the problem of self-determination can be found by making the *individual* equal the whole, a "majority of one," each man king over himself. Self-regulation has been internalized in the American moral system; each man is a *self-made* man to the extent that the problem of control becomes irrelevant through individual restraint. Here is the only way of mastering one's fate: self-mastery. One must not only be industrious but self-denying—no "kid gloves." The code of the McGuffey Readers is a hard one; it opposes trivial culture and frills, the dilettantes, the "fancy-pants"—what Agnew, that resolutely McGuffeyized disciple of Nixon, calls the "effete" ways of intellectual "snobs." Handsome is as handsome does; and the doers are almost proud of ugliness in all but their handsome deeds. Our hero is the "snuff colored Ben" of D.H. Lawrence, moralizing Ben Franklin who cramped America's spirit with the calculations of self-improvement: "Absolutely got down by her own barbed wire of shalt-nots, and shut up fast in her own 'productive' machines, like millions of squirrels running in millions of cages."

Moynihan tries to cast Nixon as Disraeli; Kissinger would like him to be Metternich; Nixon himself yearns for Woodrow-fication. But the historical parallel that must be most convincing to Nixon himself is still Len Garment's—Churchill: the man and the moment came together. Nixon seems the logical product of our recent history. If our system does not choose "the best man," its winnowings tend to produce an *appropriate* man to lead us, one amenable to the merchandizing trends of the moment; one who, if not really answering the needs of popular symbolism, can nonetheless be given the requisite garb of relevance. He becomes our "man of the moment" by accommodating the moment.

But there was no need to do an image job on Nixon—the "selling of the President" is a process all candidates must undergo now (so an expertise in all camps tends to cancel itself out); yet the process affected Nixon much less than it would others. The things that spoke to and for the Forgotten American of the 1968 campaign were always present in Nixon, completely, interconnectedly—so much so that the last two decades seem almost to bear witness to a single trend: the inevitability of Nixon.

Yet if a certain logic has driven men back to the essentials of American individualism, it is the logic of desperation. If Nixon is proper spokesman for that ethos, then nothing could prove better how shrunken, small, how unheroic that ideal is. This politics will not summon us with trumpets. The tone of our public life is not the old one—"These qualities made America the great country it is, and we must be true to them." The present tone is, "These qualities made

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He can "bring us together" because he can find the ground where we last stood together years ago.

the country what it is, and we must settle for them." There is a forlorn air to arguments in favor of Nixon's leadership: there may be things wrong with the American spirit, men grant, but Nixon can at least deal with the authentic national character. He knows it. Here is one thing we can rally to when the nation seems agreed on little else. Nixon can "bring us together again" because he can find the ground where we last stood together years ago.

He is President of the forgotten men, of those affluent displaced persons who howled at Wallace rallies, heartbroken, moneyed, without style—called by their moral code to Horatio Alger battle against the odds, then baffled by a cushy world admitting no heroics. These "rugged individuals" are tied together in live wires, endlessly multiplying, of compulsory technological interdependence. The Natty Bumppo of free enterprise did not want community in the first place; that would have been bad enough. But this mere *entanglement*, this parody of community, is even worse. Restless in such chains, our American frontiersman, grown of necessity flabby, feels he has betrayed a trust. And not only is *he* unfaithful, corrupted by affluence, by privilege without responsibility (supreme torture to a Calvinist), he must also stand by and watch while the code's heretics rake in the good things—the slothful and undeserving, unwed welfare-mothers, the hippies screwing in parks, priests breaking the code by praising *un*made selves.

The forgotten American cannot face such abominations serene in a knowledge that his own self, at least, is made. The wires were in his way; he never got around to it, somehow. And so a shoddy thing, undesired, a second-rate self prefabricated in state schools, was foisted on him. A self controlled by environment, deprived of self-reliance, weakened at the core, no longer nourished with basic things (McGuffey's *Reader*, the woodshed, the little red schoolhouse). The Market—the *real* Market where a man can *amount* to something—is disappearing. And even if it were not, the "forgotten man" realizes he would not fetch a decent price on it anymore. He had failed, and failed his children.

But there was one hope left, a glimpse of the old code and toughness, of salvation lubricated in all its pistons by desperate successful perspiration, a "local boy who made good" for every American locale (because he can rest in none), RICHARD NIXON steam-engining down the track, somehow un-derailed by history, cheered by those hoping he could reestablish the copybook maxims he lived by—though his type is fading now (become "forgotten"), he went on regardless, did not spare himself, this churning engine that *knew*-that-it-could (*rack*-it-ty-tack), knew it would (racky-rack) run the track's happy length, clack faster off on that endless dreamed roadbed that—ended. Grass on it.

The crumbling roadbed, that is Nixon's forgotten America. And what is he to do about it? Lay all the spiritual rails again? And if he does, will Americans run and pant along them as before? Or should he make converts to the Market ("piece of the action" for black capitalists)? Build up a head of Emersonian steam in the young? Find the old isolate ruggedness in kids growing up McLuhanized? It seems doubtful, impossible. But so did Nixon's mere survival—his *triumph*, that week in November. He seems to keep running even without rails. ■

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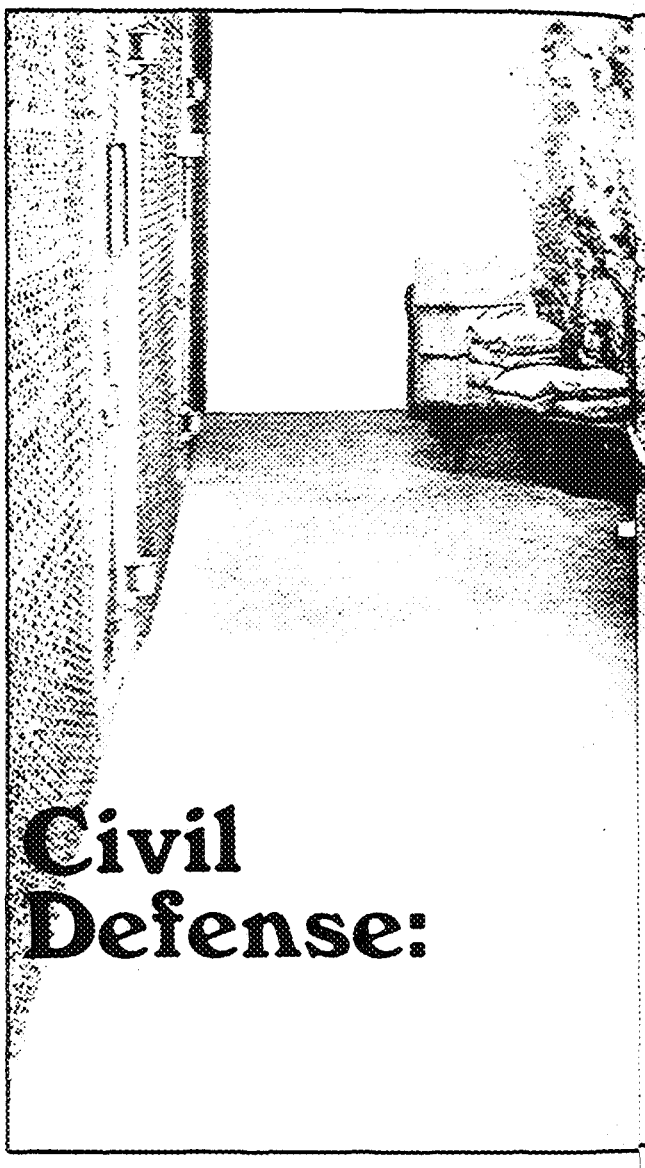

Civil Defense:

by John H. Rothchild

Since the Conelrad markings disappeared from U.S. radios and people started forgetting which neighbor it was that built the backyard shelter and the Ground Observer Corps quit recruiting weekend watchers and Nelson Rockefeller stopped talking about individual preparedness, nobody has heard much from Civil Defense. The whole idea was banished from the public eye sometime after *On the Beach*, which proved once and for all that there was no point in planning for the holocaust because nobody would survive it. In fact, the best defense against the war, the public came to believe, was that there was no defense against it, and Civil Defense planning came to have a pernicious, as well as absurd, public image.

Civil Defense has been victimized by the fact that nuclear war is the last unpopular idea in the United States. While other such ideas, like premarital sex, laboratory-produced Bubonic Plague, nerve gas, and napalm, have gotten a fair and practical hearing in the 1960s, nuclear war remains clouded in ignorance, overblown fears, old wives' tales, taboos, unpatriotic rhetoric, and doomsdayism.

At least, that's what you hear if you bother to go visit the Civil Defense headquarters at the Pentagon, where the organization moved after it merged with the Defense Department in the early '60s and left its old site at Battle Creek, Michigan. The new Civil Defense politics is low-profile, but don't let that fool you. The office still spends around $75 million a year, and when you add that to what is being put into doomsday planning at the Office of Emergency Preparedness, the Public Health Service, the Department of Labor, the Atomic Energy Commission, and even the Post Office Department, among others, you find that there are a lot of people doing a lot of thinking about this unthinkable concept. In fact, the thermonuclear pork barrel is becoming so important that many corporations, along with the Civil Defense office, are projecting their futures to include the postattack world,

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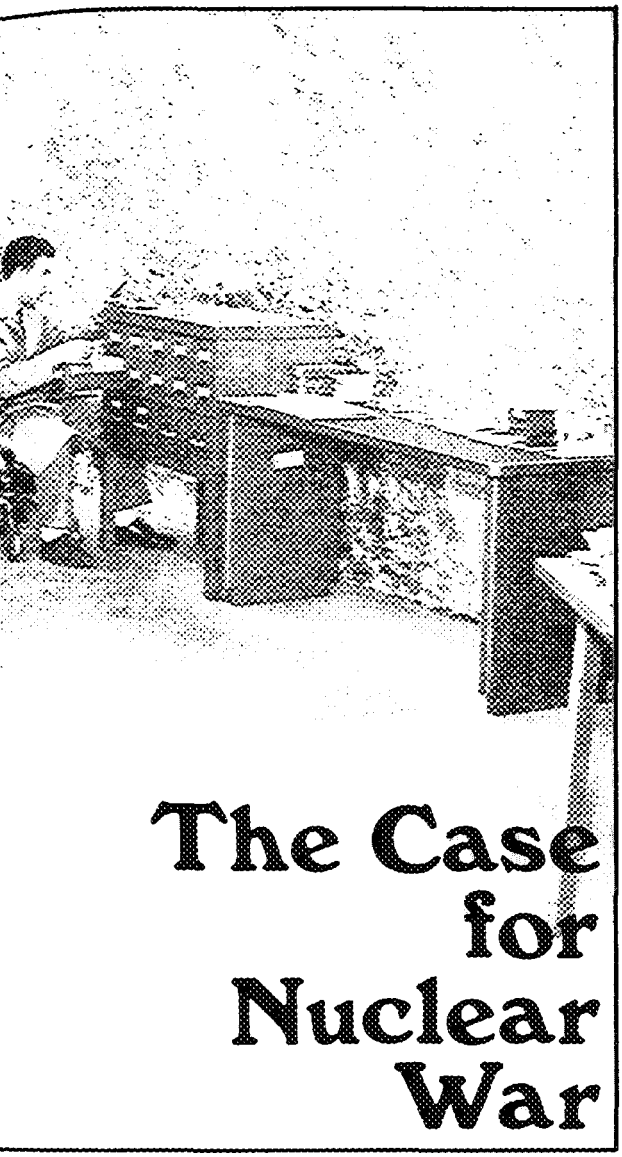

The Case for Nuclear War

Part of the National Storage Company's 80-acre bombproof record storage and emergency coporate office facilities, protected under 220 feet of solid limestone.

as well as the preattack world we all live in.

Civil Defense planners do not share the dark moralistic pessimism of *On the Beach.* They are so optimistic, in fact, that much of their work has to do not with getting people ready for the war, but how to run the country after it. Through their efforts, and those of many researchers and think tankers associated with postnuclear planning, the government has published a National Plan for Emergency Preparedness, which spells out in detail how the postattack world will be run and what the quality of postnuclear life will be. In general, and contrary to what the public believes, the postattack world is mostly business-as-usual. A Civil Defense movie on the subject, "Postattack World," explains that things would go on and "challenges the theory that life would not be worth living after a nuclear attack," according to a descriptive brochure.

Postattack is a hard concept to accept after all that we have heard against nuclear war. We have focused so much on the bad side of the nuke, so much on the one-sided view that the Vice President is always criticizing, that we ignore the obvious benefits such a war would bring. Only a few of us, such as James Sutch of the Civil Defense headquarters, have the openmindedness to mention that "Hiroshima is better off in many cases than lots of other areas in Japan that weren't hit." Only a few have the understanding to see, as Henry C. Huntley of the Public Health Service did, that "even after the UNCLX attack [a 3,000-megaton theoretical attack] that was described yesterday, there would be more people left in the United States, postattack, than lived there when I was born. We would still have a nation—a nation which over these past 50 years has proven to be a pretty potent instrument in world affairs."

Of course, if you live in what Civil Defense calls a Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area, a bomb-prone city or suburb, then the odds that you will ever see this postattack world aren't too great. If you live in one of these bomb zones, such as Washington, D.C., or New

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York, and look at things from your what's-in-it-for-me point of view, then you might oppose nuclear war altogether. But if you see it cosmically, as most of these planners do, then you would realize that nuclear war just isn't that bad. About half the population, a less-crowded, more comfortable, 1939 size, would still be around to work the potent instrument, as Dr. Huntley points out. And life for that half would go on about the same, or better, than it does now. As Lloyd B. Addington, U.S. Army, Office of Chief of Engineers, told a postattack seminar in late 1967: "Our studies indicate that we would have the capability, and, given the will, we can emerge from such a holocaust to maintain a dominant position in the world and sustain the Western values we cherish."

The will. The quality of this postattack world, just like the preattack model, depends on the human variable, on how much the people want to go on striving, working, moving up the ladder, achieving Western values. The postattack morale problem, like the GNP question, is not an easy one to answer, but those who study such things say that devotion to country and faith in America might even be greater than it is now, before the attack, when we are more lax and tend to take things for granted, when we have gotten a little soft, a little apathetic, and when criticism has become a substitute for loyalty. A disaster might be the shot in the arm that could bring it all together.

We'll Win and Go Forward

To have morale, of course, you must have people. The survival of many chosen corporate executives and government workers has been assured through the dozens of corporate underground headquarters that have been built since the 1950s. And although topside isn't quite as sure, not quite as steady, as the rock-ribbed underground, Civil Defense has gone ahead and made some plans for the general population. Big buildings in cities do not have total protection from fallout, and none to blast effects, but they would be adequate fallout shelter if not directly bombed. Civil Defense has now marked and licensed over 100 million such shelter spaces, in hallways of buildings throughout the country. They have stocked some of those spaces with food and water for about 63 million people to last two weeks, plus medical and sanitary supplies. They have distributed over 100,000 radiological detection kits and set up over 68,000 full monitoring stations. They have helped set up some of the more than 3,000 Emergency Operating Centers (EOCs) that will house local leaders and state officials during an attack. They have provided emergency food and water, as well as fallout protection and alternate generators, to more than 600 of the radio stations in the Emergency Broadcast System. They have established an amazing communications network, including a hot-line hookup to 1,600 strategic points around the country, called the National Warning System (NAWAS), as well as two national backup systems and several other emergency outlets, such as EMERZAK, which will transmit emergency messages automatically through the Muzak systems into homes, department stores, and backyard barbecue areas.

Part of the reason all the Civil Defense effort has been going on without public fanfare is that the predictions made after war games and nuclear projections are so positive. For instance, we can actually win the nuclear war, if we put our minds to it. If you are worried about our cumulative national war record (5-0-1), as our President is, and how it might be marred further by an unwinnable nuclear war, you will be relieved to know that we can win it. We can nuke the commies off the globe and still have power to spare. As far back as 1963, Maxwell S. McKnight, security adviser of the Socony Mobil Oil Company, explained why companies like his were taking such elaborate steps to prepare for postattack:

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> At this point, I would like to emphasize that our emergency planning is predicated on the idea that it is possible for our nation to survive, recover, and win, and that our way of life, including free enterprise, the oil industry, and Socony Mobil Oil Company, can survive, recover, and win with it.

Victory is not assured, don't get Mr. McKnight wrong. It is probable. It depends on postattack planning, on whether we can work the kinks out of the afterwar system, whether we can solve beforehand all the problems the experts have posed, such as the management problem, the resource problem, the beta-ray problem, the jth value problem, the skunk problem, and the music problem, all of which have been studied in laboratories across the nation.

Take the information problem. Dr. Franklin H. Knower, of the Ohio State University speech department, was given a Civil Defense grant to study this important postattack concern, along with the thermonuclear media package in general. The point is that you can't just have the President get on the Emergency Broadcast System and tell people "this is not a test. Duck under your desk." You must find a way to convince people to duck under, without exciting them or offending them more than is necessary. The attractiveness of information depends on how it is presented, and so Dr. Knower has been working on the style of the messages that the President will use from his Underground White House.

Some messages, called postattack tapes, had already been written, recorded, and stored in the Pentagon, for distribution to radio stations. But they were long on information and short on soul. People don't want to survive an attack and then hear some dreary, pedantic voice recount the dangers of fallout. They want something a little more chatty, buoyant, up-tempo, in keeping with the times. They want to know that what is left still has a little pzazz to it. So Dr. Knower is working on it, along with the music.

Music is another one of the little things that makes such a difference in postattack attitudes. We know that a single record as background can alter our dispositions for several minutes, and music in movies can make us feel happy, sad, or scared. So, music after the bomb may have an important effect on postattack attitudes. These things have to be worked out in advance, by experts, so mistakes aren't made, so the wrong records aren't played. That is why, according to a Civil Defense spokesman, Dr. Knower has already suggested some records to be played postattack on the Emergency Broadcast System, including Sing-Along with Mitch and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. If you are alone at home or down at the shelter, you may want to join in as Mitch comes over the EBS, after the President gives the attack message, to boost our morale with a little "Down By the Old Mill Stream."

Of course, some people don't like Mitch. Some might be against nuclear war just because they now know that Mitch will follow. If you are in this category, and feel that your spirits would be lifted higher by some other music, perhaps a current top hit or Delta blues or Sly and the Family Stone, then you should write Dr. Knower at Ohio State and tell him about it.

Consumer Power, Postattack

Other important problems, besides music, have been considered in postattack seminars, mostly classified, that are held periodically by industry, the military, and government. One such seminar was held at Fort Monroe, Virginia, in November, 1967, under the auspices of Civil Defense and the Office of Emergency Planning. Various think tankers and experts from science and government attended and presented detailed papers explaining how the nation would function after the theoretical UNCLX attack that dumped over 3,000 megatons on the country and killed half the people. Luckily, this seminar was one of the few unclassified ones, and from it we

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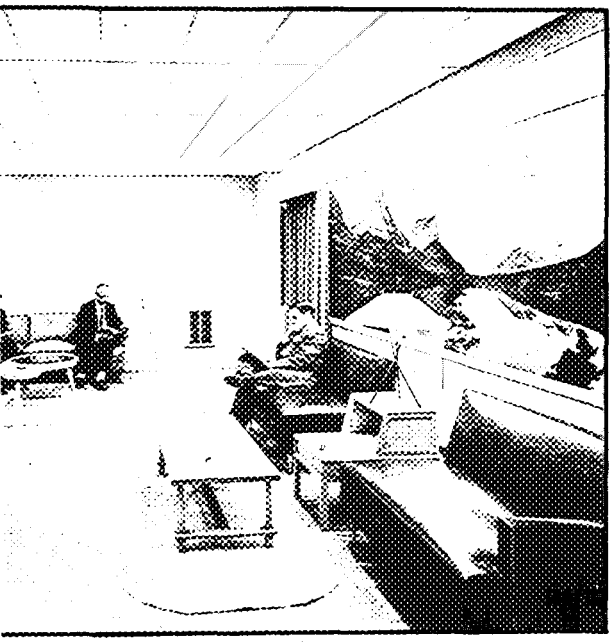

Living room of underground apartment, complete with scenic mural, where chosen executives will live during nuclear war with "all the atmosphere and comforts of above-ground."

can get an idea of how the experts see the advantages and disadvantages of nuclear war and answer important questions, such as "What will the war do to my postattack buying power?"

Two economists, Bickley and Pearsall, told the seminar:

> The results of the study indicate that the survivors of the attacks may suffer a minor reduction in their accustomed standard of living provided that the surviving resources can be organized to maximum advantage. In fact, living standards within the first year following either attack (UNCLX or the less-potent CIVLOG) could compare favorably with those enjoyed in this country in the late 1950s.

The economists are stretching a bit here. To return to the 1950s would not exactly be a "minor reduction," what with black-and-white TV, returnable bottles, dial telephones, cash-and-carry, stick deodorants, and walk-in banks. But even after the nuke, you would be far ahead of the underdeveloped countries. You would still have it all over the Africans, who don't even have pay toilets or infra-red ovens. And if you had to go without for awhile, if you had to watch Bonanza reruns and old baseball games until the war was over and regular programming could be resumed, you might learn to appreciate the advantages you have here in America and gain a sense of respect for what you have.

You might wonder, though, if you could keep up after a nuclear attack. Well, if you are still around, you can probably keep up. "The net effect of the attack indicates a reduction in per capita value-added of approximately $660," according to Bickley and Pearsall, which means that it will be just a little harder to obtain the same standard of living, but the difficulty would be counterbalanced by the fact that there would be less Joneses to keep up with. There would be fewer shades of lipstick but fewer women to wear different shades, and so, even after a nuclear attack, things tend to even out.

The big macroeconomic postattack picture, however, is not without pitfalls. The most obvious is the uncertainty about the number of survivors. If too many people survive, then there will be an imbalance between labor and capital that could jeopardize economic growth. As Bickley and Pearsall point out: "The graph also shows that a historical 1962 peacetime final demand vector can be met for the estimated number of survivors, but it becomes increasingly difficult to maintain this level as the number of survivors increases."

The number of survivors, therefore, should be kept consistent with the amount of surviving resources—not too many, not too few—or else we will fall back even farther than our 1958 standard of living and will mess up the jth value problem formula, as described by the two above economists: ". . . the postattack value of one unit of the jth good or service must be less than or equal to its cost of production. This production cost consists of the value of the

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inputs consumed in producing one unit of the jth good

$$\sum_{i=1}^{n} aij\ Pi$$

plus the value of the capacity required (Rj) plus the value of the labor used (bjW)."

Regardless of the severity of this postattack condition, however, it can be unequivocally stated that a nuclear war will not have an adverse effect on imports. ". . . so far as the balance of payments is concerned," say the two economists, "our results show exports consistently exceeding imports in amounts varying from about 150 to 200 per cent."

Other economic benefits of nuclear war include achieving zero unemployment, arresting the inflationary spiral (the National Plan calls for a freeze on wages, prices, and rents), and returning production to essential items, such as war materiel.

"Hiroshima Is Better Off"

These benefits should outweigh the disadvantages, which can be worked out through good planning. For instance, as long as you think about it in advance, you should be able to solve the problem of how to tax a postattack professional football team, like the Kansas City Chiefs. As presented by Henry Peskin of the Office of Emergency Planning:

> Consider a firm whose principal assets consist of a professional football team valued, preattack, at about $15 million. Suppose that the players survived the attack and that all debts of the team were fully paid up. Any plan to levy, for example, a net-worth tax postattack must face up to the fact that this firm's relative net worth in real terms is certainly not going to be the same as preattack.

From the nuclear planners' point of view, the tax problem to be faced by the Kansas City Chiefs after all-out nuclear attack on the United States is another little detail that makes the difference between a smooth-running postattack world and one that is sloppy and uncertain. There is no sense in leaving Lamar Hunt or any of the other owners out in the cold with heavy tax burdens when their teams aren't back on the field yet, not knowing, for instance, whether there are enough fans left to keep up attendance and pay off the lucrative long-term contracts still owed the star players, or even if there are stadiums left to play in.

But such concerns, while necessary, cause us to forget the larger balance sheet of nuclear war, where every elimination of people also eliminates some problems. Dr. Robert Price of the Public Health Service shows how helpful the same bomb that demolished Yankee Stadium could be to the tuberculosis problem in New York, or any other city. "If the attack follows the heavier pattern that Dr. Pettee gave us," he said, "our enemies will have exorcised one of our worst ghosts. I think that if Dr. Sencer were asked where he would begin if he were going to get rid of tuberculosis, for example, he would look right to the crowded core city, because that is where tuberculosis has retreated. We are gradually cutting it out by chemotherapy now; we are cutting it out by improved standards of living, but the city is where the infections now survive and it is what would be destroyed by the attack we discussed."

Think of how costly and futile it is to try and eliminate tuberculosis the old-fashioned way, through dreary hospitals, long waits, unpunctual patients, hostile nurses, and poorly-staffed clinics, plus the incredible cost to the taxpayer. Think of the time and money saved by Dr. Price's shortcut method, where the whole tuberculosis problem is wiped out in one NUDET (nuclear detonation), where, in fact, all the problems of the city, such as crime, racial unrest, and poverty, are wiped out simultaneously with the same burst. Then, real progress could be made. James Sutch knew what he was talking about when he said, "Hiroshima is better off today because they had a chance to do it again."

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Of course, from the human angle, there would have to be people around to start the cities over again. There would be zero unemployment postattack, but then again there might be a labor shortage after the nuke that could hamper reconstruction. But most of the postattack studies show that there will probably be enough workers, if they have the will, to do the job. "Our results indicate that measures designed to protect population provide a good opportunity for increasing postattack value-added," say Bickley and Pearsall.

The Postnuclear Labor Problem

It may be, however, that postattack value-added doesn't grow as it should because some workers might be reluctant to go back to work after the bomb. They might have a tendency to arrive late or to play hookey, taking advantage of the confused situation to get out of the office for a few days. They might think that just because the country has lost half its population that that would be a valid excuse for getting a little extra shut-eye and punching in late. But those postattack stragglers looking for an excuse to be lazy wouldn't be around long. They would not get the full benefit of the reemployment incentives, the quick advancement, and early retirement benefits that many companies are considering as an inducement to the postattack labor force.

Some companies have already picked out local Employee Relocation Centers where workers are to report after the bomb. Other industries, like petroleum and gas, have suggested that companies make out a supply of checks in advance, as nuclear disaster bonuses to be paid to workers after the attack. The Civil Defense booklet for those industries explains how this plan works:

> A supply of checks made out in denominations of $25 and $100 should be available. In this case, the reporting center manager should be authorized to sign the checks and an audit record must be established to prevent any abuse. The checks should be marked "good only after a nuclear attack," or some similar wording to prevent their use in normal times.

It will be hard for lazy postattack employees to resist such incentives, since the National Plan calls for the money economy to continue after the war the same as it was before the war. In fact, as one employee of the Federal Reserve System suggests, "It would be a good idea to take your bank book to the fallout shelter with you," along with your other survival equipment. It would also be smart to put your savings in a bank that has duplicate records and take out loans in a bank that doesn't. One bank that definitely is disadvantageous to be in debt to in this uncertain world is Manufacturers Hanover Trust, with their alternate underground headquarters in Iron Mountain, N.J. They war-gamed their system a couple of years ago and came up only $6,800 short in tracing outstanding postattack debts. Manufacturers Hanover will not suffer from what is called postattack corporate amnesia.

But if there is a tendency to welch out on postwar employment, given all the incentives to go back to work, the GNP would probably still approximate preattack levels, even with half the country wiped out, because the people left would stop featherbedding and loafing around and taking too many coffee breaks. In a crisis situation, some of the bothersome union and labor laws that have hampered industrial growth, such as the ban on child labor, could be circumvented so that progress could be made. As the Petroleum and Gas Industries preparedness booklet says:

> Certain company contractual obligations with the employees may prove to be an obstacle to the efficient organization and use of manpower during rehabilitation. In a disaster, however, loyalty and patriotic spirit should prevail over reluctance to perform work normally assigned to a specific craft.

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In other words, none of this eight hours and not a minute more, none of this machinist can't be a truck driver because the union prohibits it, none of these knotty nit-picking regulations that hold industry back in peacetime. When Lloyd B. Addington of the U.S. Army Chief of Engineers' office looked at a theoretical attack plotted for 1975, he showed how putting labor regulations back to where they were before all this union mess got started could boost our postattack GNP:

> Our peacetime economy, which generated $900 billion GNP, preattack, was based on the employment of a labor force on an 8-hour day, 5-day week, 50-week year. In the postattack situation we would certainly not be limited to those utilization rates. We could bring more people into the active labor force, or work longer hours, or more realistically effect some combination of these actions. . . . Using as a basis their (Europe in World War II) experience, which included a 56-hour week, more women in the labor force, and greater utilization of 14-to-17-year-olds, we could attain about 90 per cent of our preattack level of labor effort even after a very damaging attack.

Nuking the Nonessentials

Mr. Addington goes on to show how, in the postattack world, there would be no room for this more-butter-less-guns whining from dove senators, no room for the now-that-we've-nuked-ourselves-can't-we-cut-back sort of selloutism. As he points out, and as the military leaders are no doubt aware, a nuclear war could put us back on the track of preparedness and could result in the military's increasing its strength. Millions of survivors of the war could be drafted into the Army. Mr. Addington again:

> With this maximum utilization of labor we would have large numbers of workers in excess of those required to operate residual industry. It is from this excess that we could draw off manpower requirements. After the heaviest attack studied, there could be about 11 million males, of ages 18 to 35, in excess of those required to operate surviving industry. Using World War II rates of induction, some 4½ million men could be mobilized, in addition to the 3 million that are normally in the military forces. This would give us a considerable potential for subsequent military actions.

And with an Army of this size, naturally, a more man-sized military budget would also be in order: "By redirecting production from nonessential items to war materiel as we did during World War II, we can make available for war purchases about $300 billion. This is almost twice the amount we spent in 1944, the peak year of spending in World War II, and more than four times what we have spent during FY 67. With resources of this nature, the United States would still possess tremendous national power."

One of the nonessential items that would be eliminated, postattack, in favor of necessities like bombs that could get back at the commies, is the fat, inflated, luxury welfare check that the poor get today, and that the taxpayer pays for. We know how, under the preattack situation, as explained by Bernard Sobin of the Research Analysis Corporation, the poor man can afford to buy all kinds of frivolous gimcracks, like Cadillacs, with his large welfare check:

> Peacetime poverty standards have nonhealth components (e.g., recreation, household appliances, and clothing) that are affected by advertising and the examples of people who are not classified as poor. In the postattack situation, if survival is at stake, these artificial components of minimum standards should disappear.

After the attack, then, welfare checks could be reduced so that the poor could no longer afford to buy the wasteful trinkets that are passing needs created by advertising. They would still be getting something for nothing, but it would be less than the something they got before

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the nuke. Thus, the nuclear war could reduce the tax burden for social welfare programs, even though it raised the military budget for the essential items. It would also recreate in the poor the sense of self-sufficiency, and of frugality, that they have lost since they became the rich wards of Uncle Sam.

Fallout on the Menu

Such are the multifaceted benefits of nuclear war, as presented by the planners. But it is unfair to say that the economics of postnuclear attack are the only question that has captivated them. They have found out, for instance, that radiation doesn't alter the number of streptococci in our environment. They know that major gastrointestinal damage from mixed fission products will be limited to the large intestine of both single-stomach animals and ruminants. They have discussed ecosystem recovery, radionuclide fate, gamma-irridated systems, and radioactive lake-bed. They know that the soil will recover rapidly, perhaps in a year, from strontium-90 and its daughter yttrium-90, from cerium-144 and praseodymium-144.

They have not forgotten the radiation-profile problem, as explained by S.I. Auerbach of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory: "Recently in our laboratory we have started studies on the comparative radiation profiles of a number of insect species. Two of the most recently completed investigations were on the house cricket (*Acheta domesticus*) and the common yellow mealworm (*Tenebrio molitor*)." Such studies indicate that the insect problem would indeed be acute postattack, because pollinating bees and other colonizing insects are "exceedingly sensitive to ionizing radiation."

Based on the obvious limitations of the laboratory as a scenario for the study of fallout effects (it is always pointed out in these planning documents that there is no substitute for the real thing), the planners have done an admirable job of considering every variable, of leaving no stone unturned in evaluating the postnuclear experience. They have considered such things as the skunk problem. Imagine surviving a 5,000-megaton blast and then getting bitten by a rabid skunk! Imagine having to face the grim possibility that, after 100 million people are wiped out by the bomb, another couple of hundred people might be wiped out by rabid skunks, if there are any skunks left and if they happen to live in your area. This may seem, at first glance, to be at best a secondary problem, but as David J. Sencer of the Public Health Service told the symposium, "People don't realize how vicious a skunk can be, but a rabid skunk can easily bite six children in five minutes." He suggests educating the public to have a healthy respect for skunks after the nuclear war.

The ecological picture, postattack, even with such problems as skunk rabies, looks about as bright as the economic picture. William S. Osburn, Jr., of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission predicts that ecological disturbances would not be such as to prevent recovery—that imbalances that would make normal life impossible are not expected—and that direct radiation effects from nuclear war on vegetation are not likely to seriously limit man's reconstruction of his renewable resources.

All this optimism is very nice, you might say, but what happens to me after a nuclear attack? The planners have not fallen into the trap of theory here. They have not forgotten that, as one of them said, postattack planning also involves people, "as victims, as producers, and as consumers." And it was with the people in mind that the National Plan for postattack was produced, the latest version in 1964. The National Plan takes from the various think tank studies and transfers the projections into action.

For instance, you might ask, "How well will I eat after a nuclear attack?" It is certainly a good question, and the government has already thought of it. They have, in fact, figured out exactly how well you will eat under the postattack rationing scheme contained in the

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National Plan. When you go down to the supermarket (if any) after the attack, you will be allowed the following: Three pounds per week of meat and meat alternatives (fresh, frozen, and cured meat, poultry, fish, shellfish, cheese, and nuts). Six eggs. Seven pints of milk, four pounds of cereal, four pounds of fruit and vegetables, one-half pound of food fats and oils, two pounds of potatoes, and one-half pound of sugar. If you don't like those things, there are two tables of acceptable substitutes.

"Few persons outside of agriculture," says A.F. Shinn of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, "realize the extent to which the USDA has organized to be ready to fulfill its postattack role in maintaining a viable agricultural industry. A hierarchical organization of defense boards runs from national to regional to state, and finally, to county level. The defense board standard for immediate postattack food consumption calls for an average daily caloric intake of 2,200 calories."

You may wonder if that is enough calories, especially if you are working Mr. Addington's 56-hour week building more missiles. Well, it might be, but there is also a good chance that you are too fat, preattack, and could use the postattack weight loss the diet would afford. As Mr. Shinn says, "A daily intake of 2,200 calories would probably be adequate for a month or more, or perhaps even beneficial in view of the estimates that 20 per cent of all adults and 20 per cent of all children are obese."

Fighting Disaster Socialism

Even if the nuclear war is a miracle diet, quicker and less bothersome than anything housewives are now struggling with, such advantage does not hide the fact that such a war does pose a medical problem. That is, medical staffs would be heavily overworked with injury and radiation burn cases. This sector of the economy would not function smoothly for a long time. There wouldn't be enough doctors or supplies.

If enough people die, of course, it might not be that much of a burden. As Dr. Robert Price of the Public Health Service said:

> I think that there would be one hopeful thing which I don't quite know how to express without sounding terribly cold-blooded; that is that there might be a kind of automatic triage. I think some of the people would die who the charts show are going to live.

But if you don't die, or commit automatic triage, then you may be part of the problem. Understand, then, that you might not get first-class treatment at the local hospital, or any treatment at all. You might be part of the medical program discussed by the experts called "medical self-help," an ambitious and self-explanatory program that should solve patient overloads.

You get your medical ration cards at the local distribution center, where you will also pick up your food and gasoline ration cards, and register after the attack. The only problem will be if you don't have any money, because we are still in a dollar economy, remember, so just the ration card won't purchase any-

Main entrance to "America's foremost underground security vaults," protected against "fire, theft, flood, radiation, atomic attack, and other types of disaster"—National Storage Company.

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thing. If your bank wasn't destroyed, you may go there and take out whatever money you had, or if it was, and had duplicate records, then you may get money from another bank. But if your bank suffered corporate amnesia, or if you didn't have any money in the first place, then you may be out of luck, postattack.

This is one of the keys to the planning. If you were poor before the bomb, then it should be no excuse for you to change station in life. The government may give out money (or may not) to help you buy ration cards during the early postattack period, but in general, postattack is no giveaway scheme instituted to help stragglers and lazy people. If you worked hard and made your buck preattack, it will be there when you emerge from your shelter. If you didn't, and can't afford the rationing scheme prices (which will be the same prices as the day before the bomb), then you have no one to blame but yourself. During the rationing period, prices, wages, and rents will all be frozen, and there might be a moratorium on debts for a while. But after the grace period, the Manufacturers Hanover man and the others who have stored their vital records and solved the corporate amnesia problem will be at your door to collect.

It could have been different. Some of the planners have thought in terms of disaster socialism, of the bomb as the beginning of a postnuclear New Deal where everybody gets a fair shake. Henry M. Peskin of the Office of Emergency Planning said:

> One should not expect general popularity for policies that are designed to bring about rapid shifts in wealth distribution, for no one likes to see his wealth reduced. But chances for general acceptability of the policy would be increased if the public could be educated to the severity of the problem preattack. It is also quite likely that the general public finds the thought of nuclear attack so horrible that the additional horror of a postattack policy for wealth distribution would be considered of marginal importance.

But if those economists think they can hide some kind of subversive socialist plan behind a mushroom cloud, they are wrong. Dead wrong. Business may go along with the National Plan's requirements that price freezes and certain priorities be established to increase military readiness and to hasten reconstruction. The Emergency Petroleum and Gas Administration, for instance, believes that "every effort would be made to expand the petroleum capabilities to meet military and industrial objectives for the successful prosecution of the war toward ultimate victory." But that's as far as it goes. "Would the government take over industry?" an EPGA brochure asks rhetorically. "The government would *not* take over industry."

The Subterranean Marshall Plan

U.S. industry is aware of this, and that is why they have prepared so completely for nuclear war in their unassuming way. Most of the 500 major industries rent space in underground caves, which store duplicate records in air-conditioned microfilm caverns, and provide alternate headquarters for the chosen executives who will run the companies underground during the war. Iron Mountain, for instance, a large executive ant hill deep in the bowels of a completely secure mountain conveniently located yet out of a target area, houses the alternate headquarters of Standard Oil of New Jersey, as well as Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, and has space for 700 other companies, including executive bedrooms, elaborate kitchens, and medical services. The National Storage Company in Boyers, Pennsylvania, has a complete underground headquarters and advertises that the nuclear offices "have all the atmosphere and comforts of above-ground. With vital company data immediately available, resumption of business following a disaster would not only be rapid but assured."

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There are now over 20 companies in the business of providing fallout-proof and bombsafe surrogate headquarters for other U.S. companies, mostly under several hundred feet of limestone or other rock, fully air-cooled and modernized, some with plush decor and piped-in music. In fact, choosing the right alternate headquarters to fit the image of the company (rustic, roughing-it look of the solid rock or a more serene, civilized decor of paintings and artificial flowers) is an important postattack decision. If we bomb ourselves back to the Stone Age, these corporate crash pads will prove to any future society that modern man, if not more reasonable, was at least more comfortable, more *au courant,* than Piltdown man. According to a Civil Defense brochure, "one internationally known American corporation has combined its alternate headquarters and records storage facility and located them in a 20,000-square-foot underground facility containing 50 bedrooms, men's and women's dormitories, office and records storage areas, kitchen and dining room, utility and general storage areas—all heated and air-conditioned by an underground emergency power plant. Approximately 75 employees work in this facility on a day-to-day (preattack) basis processing, storing, and retrieving company records."

The way planning has gone in the 1960s, the entire country could run itself postattack from underground sites, where all the important people will be stashed away like hobbits, making decisions from within the earth while they watch the war topside from a closed-circuit television. Besides the corporations, over 1,200 banks have alternate headquarters, and 1,500 have duplicated their records. Most federal agencies have secret nuclear headquarters, with desks and files already manned and set up, ready to keep the bureaucracy going during and after the heaviest attack. It is safe to say that thousands of Americans have been notified that they will be going to underground sites and how they should proceed before the attack. Some of them can take their wives and children.

The real business of business, in fact, the trading of stocks and speculating, and so forth, could go on long after consumers and producers have vanished topside, and executives could continue to exchange deeds and create marginal values through an underground, postattack Monopoly game that would no longer need to depend on preattack conditions, such as a national population.

The People Stockpile

Companies are interested in surviving the attack, in shelling out for these underground headquarters and duplicate records, in preparing elaborate executive succession lists, precisely because they know that free enterprise will outlive the war. In fact, if they play it right, they may get in on a large thermonuclear pork barrel, with healthy defense and reconstruction contracts, aided by increased liquidity through government guarantees and easy loans, and the almost $7 billion of raw materials that could be released from the government stockpile, which now holds everything from copper to castor oil to feathers.

It would be a very shortsighted company that wouldn't want one of its executives in the "people stockpile," the National Defense Executive Reserve that has been set up by the government to provide people to run the country after the bomb. It is this group, which already numbers over 4,000 men, that will serve on organizations such as the Emergency Petroleum and Gas Administration, decide on priorities, and coordinate postattack management.

The National Plan calls for close coordination between industry and government postattack—closer even than the coordination that now exists between, say, the mining industry and the Bureau of Mines, or the oil lobby and the Office of Emergency Preparedness.

There is no doubt that there will be some fat profits to make after the war.

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This is why "restoration dry runs or practice exercises have become a regular part of the everyday job in the Bell System," and why so many companies are taking to the caves. Most federal agencies have set up postnuclear administrations that insure the functioning of the bureaucracy and set priorities, but the executive people stockpile and the surviving industry will also help in fixing the priorities, the pay scales, and the profit margins.

In fact, if you are employed in a far-sighted company, getting in on the thermonuclear lobby might be one of the smartest things you could do. Priorities of certain kinds are already being established, and your firm shouldn't be left behind. For instance, says the Emergency Petroleum and Gas Administration booklet: "At the moment, the priority which a petroleum or gas company can legitimately claim (in regard to telephone use) appears to be quite low. The Office of Oil and Gas is studying the problem of securing a more useful priority."

Many companies, however, are still conservative and backward in understanding that what is good for Dr. Strangelove is good for General Motors. In fact, according to James Sutch of the Office of Civil Defense, the real selling point for underground headquarters these days is not protection from the bomb, but protection from riots and peace demonstrations. The Civil Defense course given for executives at Fort Gordon, Georgia, emphasizes the revolution- or riot-safe aspects of fallout shelters. Thus, companies can be protected both from peace protesters who want them to stop making bombs and the effects of the bombs themselves, if they are ultimately dropped. It is this kind of covering all your bets that is called "total industrial preparedness."

Beyond Preparedness

Only those totally prepared, which includes, of course, the President of the United States, high military brass, top government officials, state governors, local leaders, and the most important business leaders in the country, are fully aware of the advantages of nuclear war. They are the ones who can fully understand the planners' predictions and can rationally assess the positive, long-range aspects of eliminating ghettos and urban blight and encrusted city political machines, of reducing the population to manageable size, of moving the population center back to the rural areas, of eliminating unemployment and the labor problem, of increasing the military budget and reducing nonessential spending, and of accomplishing the final marriage of private enterprise and government, with private enterprise still calling the shots.

Few disinterested public servants could fail to realize that nuclear war could solve the federal government revenue problem, while it eliminates needless expenditures. The estate tax is just one small example. As the preattack planning document for the Federal Reserve System says, "If a third or more of our population were killed in an attack (a conservative estimate by the standards of the Rand Corporation's "Study of Nonmilitary Defense") a stronger estate tax would have a tremendous revenue potential." Few could fail to see that an agrarian, Biblical, Republican country would certainly take us back to some of the grass-roots values that we have forgotten in our urban madness, or that one election technique that would have significant results would be to plan a nuclear war before a first term is over.

When you start wondering if the post-attack plans are ever read by the men who finger the buttons during the boring and frustrating waiting period, you also wonder where those neighbors who built those shelters are located, and how many people fit into their shelters, and who will get into them first. Because nuclear war, like snakes or premarital sex, is just another one of those things that just isn't that scary if you know how to handle it right. ■

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Superman, Our Textbook President

by Thomas E. Cronin

Franklin D. Roosevelt personally rescued the nation from the depths of the great Depression. Roosevelt, together with Harry Truman, brought World War II to a proud conclusion. Courageous Truman personally committed us to resist communist aggression around the globe. General Eisenhower pledged that as president he would "go to Korea" and end that war—and he did. These are prevailing idealized images that most American students read and remember. For convenience, if not for simplicity, textbooks divide our past into the "Wilson years," the "Hoover depression," the "Roosevelt revolution," the "Eisenhower period" and so forth.

Presidents are expected to perform as purposeful activists, who know what they want to accomplish and relish the challenges of the office. The student learns that the presidency is "the great engine of democracy," the "American people's one authentic trumpet," "the central instrument of democracy," and "probably the most important governmental institution in the world." With the New Deal presidency in mind the textbook portrait states that presidents must instruct the nation as national teacher and guide the nation as national preacher. Presidents should be decidedly in favor of expanding the federal government's role in order to cope with increasing nationwide demands for social justice and a prosperous economy. The performances of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, lumped together as largely similar, are rejected as antique. The Eisenhower record of retiring reluctance elicits more ambiguous appraisal; after brief tribute to him as a wonderful man and a superior military leader, he gets categorized as an amateur who lacked both a sense of direction and a progressive and

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positive conception of the presidential role. What is needed, most texts imply, is a man with foresight to anticipate the future and the personal strength to unite us, to steel our moral will, to move the country forward, and to make the country governable. The vision, and perhaps the illusion, is that, if only we can identify and elect *the right man*, our loftiest aspirations can and will be accomplished.

With little variation, the college text includes two chapters on the presidency. Invariably, these stress that the contemporary presidency is growing dramatically larger in size, gaining measurably more responsibilities (often referred to as more hats) and greater resources. Students read that more authority and policy discretion devolve to the president during war and crises; and since our country is now engaged in sustained international conflict and acute domestic problems, presidents are constantly becoming more powerful. One text points out that "as the world grows smaller, he will grow bigger."

Then, too, writers tend to underline the vast resources available for presidential decision-making—the array of experts, including White House strategic support staffs, intelligence systems, the National Security Council, the Cabinet, an Office of Science and Technology, the Council of Economic Advisers, and countless high-powered study commissions. To the student, it must appear that a president must have just about all the inside information and sage advice possible for human comprehension. A casual reading of the chapters on the presidency fosters the belief that contemporary presidents can both make and shape public policy and can see to it that these policies *work as intended.* Textbooks encourage the belief that the "president knows best" and that his advisory and information systems are unparalleled in history. The capacity of the presidency for systematic thinking and planning is similarly described as awesome and powerfully suited to the challenges of the day.

Clinton Rossiter wrote one of the most lucid venerations of the chief executive. In the *American Presidency,* he views the office as a priceless American invention which has not only worked extremely well but is also a symbol of our continuity and destiny as a people:

> Few nations have solved so simply and yet grandly the problem of finding and maintaining an office or state that embodies their majesty and reflects their character. . . .
>
> There is virtually no limit to what the President can do if he does it for democratic ends and by democratic means. . . .
>
> He is, rather, a kind of magnificent lion who can roam widely and do great deeds so long as he does not try to break loose from his broad reservation. . . .
>
> He reigns, but he also rules; he symbolizes the people, but he also runs their government. . . .

Recently written or revised government textbooks emphasize the importance of personal attributes, and there is little doubt that dwelling on the president's personal qualities helps to capture the attention of student learners. Not surprisingly, this personalization of the presidency also is reflected in a great deal of campaign rhetoric. Presidential candidates go to a considerable length to stress how personally courageous and virtuous a president must be. Nelson Rockefeller's (1968) litany of necessary qualities is as exaggerated as anyone else's:

> The modern Presidency of the United States, as distinct from the traditional concepts of our highest office, is bound up with the survival not only of freedom but of mankind. . . .The President is the unifying force in our lives. . . .
>
> The President must possess a wide range of abilities: to lead, to persuade, to inspire trust, to attract men of talent, to unite. These abilities must reflect a wide range of characteristics: courage, vision, integrity, intelligence, sense of responsibility, sense of history, sense of humor, warmth, openness, personality, tenacity, energy, determination, drive, perspicac-

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ity, idealism, thirst for information, penchant for fact, presence of conscience, comprehension of people and enjoyment of life—plus all the other, nobler virtues ascribed to George Washington under God.

The Lion's Transformation

The personalized presidency is also a central feature of contemporary political journalism, and no journalist does more to embellish this perspective than Theodore White. His "Making of the President" series not only enjoys frequent university use but additionally serves as presidency textbooks for millions of adults who savor his "insider" explanations of presidential election campaigns.

White's unidimensional concentration on the presidential candidates, their styles, and personalities promotes a benevolent if not reverential orientation toward the American presidency. His narrative histories of American political campaigns have an uncanny way of uplifting and seducing the reader to watch and wait an election's outcome with intense concern—even though the books are published almost a year after the event. His style ferments great expectations and a heightened sense of reverence for the eventual victor. At first there are seven or eight competing hopefuls, then four or five, penultimately narrowed down to two or three nationally legitimized candidates and finally—there remains just one man. Clearly the victor in such a drawn-out and thoroughly patriotic ritual deserves our deepest respect and approval. White subtly succeeds in purifying the victorious candidate: in what must be a classic metamorphosis at the root of the textbook presidency image, the men who assume the presidency seem physically (and implicitly almost spiritually) to undergo an alteration of personal traits.

On JFK's first days in the White House, 1961:

> It was as if there were an echo, here on another level, in the quiet Oval Office, of all the speeches he had made in all the squares and supermarkets of the country. . . .He had won this office and this power by promising such movement to the American people. Now he had to keep the promise. He seemed very little changed in movement or in gracefulness from the candidate—only his eyes had changed—very dark now, very grave, maredly more sunken and lined at the corners than those of the candidate.

On Richard Nixon soon after his ascendency, 1969:

> He seemed, as he waved me into the Oval Office, suddenly on first glance a more stocky man than I had known on the campaign rounds. There was a minute of adjustment as he waved me to a sofa in the barren office, poured coffee, put me at ease; then, watching him, I realized that he was not stockier, but, on the contrary, slimmer. What was different was the movement of the body, the sound of the voice, the manner of speaking—for he was calm as I had never seen him before, as if peace had settled on him. In the past, Nixon's restless body had been in constant movement as he rose, walked about, hitched a leg over the arm of a chair or gestured sharply with his hands. Now he was in repose; and the repose was in his speech also—more slow, studied, with none of the gear-slippages of name or reference which used to come when he was weary; his hands still moved as he spoke, but the fingers spread gracefully, not punchily or sharply as they used to.

What, then, constitutes the recent textbook version of the American presidency? As always, any facile generalization of such a hydra-like institution is susceptible to oversimplification, but, on balance, more consensus than contention characterizes literature on the American presidency. Four summary statements may be singled out without doing great violence to the text literature. Two of these accentuate a dimension of presidential omnipotence, and two others emphasize an expectation of moralistic-benevolence. Taken together, this admixture of legend and reality comprise the textbook presidency of the last 15 years.

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Omnipotence:

1. The president is the strategic catalyst in the American political system and the central figure in the international system as well.

2. Only the president is or can be the genuine architect of United States public policy, and only he, by attacking problems frontally and aggressively and interpreting his power expansively, can be the engine of change to move this nation forward.

Moralistic-Benevolence:

3. The president must be the nation's personal and moral leader; by symbolizing the past and future greatness of America and radiating inspirational confidence, a president can pull the nation together while directing us toward the fulfillment of the American Dream.

4. If, and only if, the right man is placed in the White House, all will be well, and, somehow, whoever is in the White House is the right man.

The "Selling of a Textbook"

Radio, television, and the emergence of the United States as a strategic nuclear power have converged to make the presidency a job of far greater prominence than it was in the days of Coolidge and before. While this is readily understood, there are other factors which contribute to runaway inflation in the attributed capabilities of White House leadership.

A first explanation for the textbook presidency is derived from the basic human tendency toward belief in great men. Most people grow up with the expectation that someone somewhere can and will cope with the major crises of the present and future. Since the New Deal, most Americans have grown accustomed to expect their president to serve this role. Who, if not the president, is going to prevent the communists from burying us, pollution from choking us, crime and conflict from destroying our cities, moral degradation from slipping into our neighborhood theaters? Within the complexity of political life today the president provides a visible national symbol to which we can attach our hopes. Something akin to presidential cults exists in the United States today just as hero-worship, gerontocracy reverence, and other forms of authority-fixation have flourished in most, if not all, larger societies. Portraits of Washington, Lincoln, the Roosevelts, and Kennedy paper many a classroom wall alongside of the American flag. While deification is presumably discouraged, something similar is a common side product during the early years of schooling.

On all but two occasions during the past 17 years, the president of this nation has won the Most Admired Man contest conducted annually by the Gallup polls. The exceptions in 1967 and 1968 saw President Johnson lose out to former President Eisenhower. Mentioning this pattern of popular response to a recent conversation partner, I was informed that "If they were not the most admired men in the country they wouldn't have been elected president!" And his response is, I believe, a widely respected point of view in America. On the one hand we are always looking for reassurance that things will work out satisfactorily. On the other hand, we admire the dramatic actions of men in high places who are willing to take action, willing to cope with the exigencies of crisis and perplexity. Political scientist Murray Edelman writes quite lucidly about this problem:

> And what symbol can be more reassuring than the incumbent of a high position who knows what to do and is willing to act, especially when others are bewildered and alone? Because such a symbol is so intensely sought, it will predictably be found in the person of any incumbent whose actions *can* be interpreted as beneficent.

A second explanation of recent textbook orthodoxy is unmistakenly related to the commercial and political values of most text writers. Market considerations are hard to ignore and several text authors unabashedly cite commercial

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remuneration as a major incentive. The "selling of a textbook" may not be unrelated to a book's function and ideological orientation.

Most textbook authors are motivated by the goal of training "good" citizens just as much as by the goal of instructing people about the realities of the highly competitive and often cruel world of national party and policy politics. But the training of citizens often seems to require a glossy, harmonious picture of national politics, which inspires loyalty but conflicts with reality. When this occurs, as one text writer told me, "the author almost invariably emphasizes citizen training, usually at the expense of instruction."

Building the Great Cathedral

A Franklin Roosevelt halo-effect characterizes most of the recent treatments of the presidency. Writers during the 1950s and well into the '60s were children or young adults during the Depression years. Not infrequently, they became enlisted in one way or another in executive branch service to help fight or manage World War II. These times were unusual in many ways—including an extraordinary amount of attention paid to the way in which President Roosevelt employed the powers of the presidency. Moreover, in the arena of national and international leadership, FDR upstaged all comers as he magnified the personal role and heroic style of a confident, competent leader in the context of tumultuous times. The mantle of world leadership was passing to the U.S., beginning what some writers refer to as the American Era. Understandably these developments, especially the dramaturgy of the New Deal presidency, affected soon-to-be written interpretations as well as popular images of the presidency.

A final reason for the textbook presidency lies in the very nature of the American political and electoral system. We elect a president by a small margin, but after election he is supposed to speak for *all* the people. Textbook and school norms suggest that one can vigorously question a presidential candidate, but after the election it is one's duty to united behind the winner. It is as though the new president were the pilot of an aircraft with all of us as passengers, whether we like it or not. Hence, we all have a stake in his success.

To be sure, this institution of ritualistic unification serves a need: it absorbs much of the discontinuity and tension promoted in our often hectic and combative electoral campaigns. Then there is the typical first-year grace period in which serious criticism is generally considered off limits. This presidential honeymoon is characterized by an elaborate press build-up in which it appears as though we are trying to transform and elevate the quite mortal candidate into a textbook president.

Other methodological factors also contribute to idealized versions of presidential leadership. Overreliance on case studies of presidential behavior in relatively unique crises is part of the problem. Textbook compartmentalization of problems and institutions is yet another. Both the student and the average citizen may quite reasonably get the impression that national policy is almost entirely the product of a president and a few of his intimates, or alternately of a few select national officials along with the president's consent. Only the presidents can slay the dragons of crisis. And only Lincoln, the Roosevelts, Wilson, or men of that caliber can seize the chalice of opportunity, create the vision, and rally the American public around that vision. The end result may leave the student quite confused, if not ignorant, about the complex transactions, interrelationships, and ambiguities that more correctly characterize most national policy developments.

In all probability we pay a price, however unwittingly, for the way we have over-idealized the presidency. Although this price is difficult to calculate, I shall suggest some of the probable consequences of the textbook presidency—beginning with the dangers of

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our unwarranted expectations of the president's power and of his capacities as a spiritual reservoir.

Most Americans now believe, along with Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt's celebrated assertions, that the presidency is a "bully pulpit" and preeminently a place for moral leadership. Few of our citizenry wince at James Reston's observation that "the White House is the pulpit of the nation and the president is its chaplain." British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, on the other hand, could quip, "If people want a sense of purpose, they should get it from their archbishops."

We are accustomed to regarding our "sense of purpose" and pious presidential pronouncements as nearly one and the same. Accordingly, Richard Nixon invoked God five times in his presidential inaugural and talked often of spirit and the nation's destiny: "To a crisis of the spirit, we need an answer of the spirit. . . . We can build a great cathedral of the spirit. . . . We have endured a long night of the American spirit. But as our eyes catch the dimness of the first rays of dawn, let us not curse the remaining dark, let us gather the light. . . . Our destiny offers not the cup of despair, but the chalice of opportunity."

But the trappings of religiosity, while temporarily ennobling the presidential personage, may run the risk of triggering unanticipated and undesirable consequences. Some presidents apparently feel the need to justify a particular strategy on the grounds that it is the moral and righteous course of action. But this moral emphasis can become elevated to overblown courses of behavior. For example, Wilson's attempts to help set up the League of Nations became imbued with a highly moralistic fervor, but the moral environment that generated the commitment was allowed to expand, as Wilson's own role as the nation's preacher expanded, until there was virtually no room for a political negotiator, a non-moralist Wilson to transform the idea into a reality. Perhaps Herbert Hoover's apolitical moral and ideological commitment to rugged individualism similarly inhibited alternative approaches in response to the Depression. Similarly, President Johnson's drumming up of moral and patriotic support for our Vietnam commitment probably weakened his subsequent efforts at negotiations in the languishing days of his Administration.

Part of the problem is related to the way campaigns are conducted and to the intensive hard sell—or at least "oversell"—seemingly demanded of candidates. Necessarily adopting the language of promise and sloganism, candidates and their publicists frequently pledge that they will accomplish objectives that are either near impossible or unlikely. Recall the early declaratory intentions of the War on Poverty, Model Cities, the Alliance for Progress, the war on behalf of safe streets, and an ambitious. Nixon promise to underwrite "black capitalism."

The Cost of Elevation

The textbook presidency image may also influence the quality of civic participation. The moral-leader-to-layman relationship is quite often viewed as a one-way street. If the president is our national chaplain, how do we cultivate a democratic citizenry that is active and not passive, that may, on selective occasions, responsibly dispute this national moral eminence? Having been nurtured in the belief that presidents are not only benevolent but also personally powerful enough to end war, depression, and corruption, it is difficult for most average citizens to disagree strongly with their president, no matter what the circumstances. Students are instructed that it is proper to state one's differences in a letter to congressmen or even to the White House. But beyond these rather limited resources, the citizen-student is left alone and without a sense of personal efficacy. Due to the almost assured deference and relative lack of opposition, American presidents can expect at least a five-to-one favorable ratio in their tele-

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gram and mail response, and usually a three- or two-to-one ratio in national opinion poll responses about their handling of the presidency.

Most popular is the choice of quietly (if not silently) rallying around the president and offering him permissive support, hoping by such action to strengthen his and the nation's resolve against whatever real or apparent challenges confront the nation. Another pattern of behavior, that of apathy and indifference, is selected by sober citizens who feel secure in the belief that "presidents know best." Thus, a president can usually take it for granted that when major difficulties are faced, most Americans will support and trust him, at least for a while, often tendering him even increased support. It is difficult sometimes for Americans to differentiate between loyalty to president and loyalty to nation. As a result, presidential public support comes not only from those who feel the president is right, but is measurably inflated by those who, regardless of policy or situation, render support to their president merely because he is their president, or because he is the only president they have.

Few people are inclined to protest the actions of their president, but for those selecting to dissent, the textbook wisdom seems to encourage a direct personal confrontation with the president. If he alone is so powerful and independent, it appears logical to march on the White House and, if necessary, "break" or "dump" the president in order to change policy. But this may be one of the least economical strategies, for, as we have seen, breaking or changing presidents does not ensure any major shift in the execution of national policies.

The point here is that on both sides of the presidential popularity equation his importance is inflated beyond reasonable bounds. On one side, there is a nearly blind faith that the president embodies national virtue and that any detractor must be an effete snob or a nervous nellie. On the other side, the president becomes the cause of all personal maladies, the originator of poverty and racism, inventor of the establishment, and the party responsible for a choleric national disposition.

If the textbook presidency image has costs for the quality of citizen relationships with the presidency, so also it can affect the way presidents conceive of themselves and their job. To be sure, the reverence and loyalty rendered to a new president are a rich resource and no doubt are somewhat commensurate with tough responsibilities that come along with the job. But, at the same time, an overly indulgent citizenry can psychologically distort the personal perspective and sense of balance. Former presidential press secretary George Reedy's acrimonious criticisms of the monarchial trappings of the contemporary White House deserve attention:

> The atmosphere of the White House is calculated to instill in any man a sense of destiny. He literally walks in the footsteps of hallowed figures—of Jefferson, of Jackson, of Lincoln. . . . From the moment he enters the halls he is made aware that he has become enshrined in a pantheon of semi-divine mortals who have shaken the world, and that he has taken from their hands the heritage of American dreams and aspirations.
>
> Unfortunately for him, divinity is a better basis for inspiration than it is for government.

The quality of advice, intelligence, and critical evaluation necessary to balanced presidential decision-making can also be adversely affected by too respectful an attitude towards the chief executive. If presidents become unduly protected or insulated, and if White House aides and Cabinet members tender appreciation and deference in exchange for status and accommodation, then the president's decision-making ability is clearly harmed.

The relatively sustained 15-year ascendency of the textbook presidency's idealized image of presidential leadership may be coming to an end. The general American public probably still believes

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in a version of the New Deal presidency caricature, but the near monopoly of this view is under challenge from a growing list of critiques of liberal presidential government. We are currently witnessing an apparent recrudescence of an interpretation of the presidency, which holds that no one national political leader can galvanize our political system toward the easy accomplishment of sustained policy change or altruistic goals.

Toward Revision

Contemporary policy studies suggest that the more we learn about presidential policy performance, the more it appears that presidents (in both domestic and foreign policy) only rarely accomplish policy "outcomes" that can be credited as distinct personal achievements. More realistically, the presidency serves as a broker for a few party priorities and as a strategically situated and important participant among vast numbers of policy entrepreneurs and policy-bearing bureaucrats. More often than not a president's personal policy views are essentially moderate and only vaguely refined. When in office, however, he finds himself constantly surrounded by people who have "high-energy" interest and investments in specific policy options. Both the president and these elites, however, are in turn surrounded by what Scammon and Wattenberg call the real majority—the large majority of American voters in the center.

In a sample of recent in-depth interviews with 30 White House staffers who served Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, I found that a majority of these presidential advisers feel that the president exercises selective or relatively little power over policy matters. There are some who say that "he [the president] has a lot of influence on those problems he is willing to spend time on," but more responded that "he has far less than people think he has, he is far more constrained than popularly thought." In fact, many even express the somewhat restrained and almost anti-textbook presidency view that presidents can accomplish a limited number of projects and hence should carefully measure their requests and energies. Emphasizing this point were the following two respondents:

> I think the White House under Johnson was excessively activist—there was an impulsive need to do something about everything RIGHT NOW! There was always the feeling [given by the president] that we should fix this and fix that and do it now! Overall I think it went too far—there are definite costs and liabilities in that type of excessive aggressive activism. . . .

And a second staffer:

> Except in times of emergencies, presidents cannot get much accomplished. . . . In some areas a president can have a psychological influence, a psychological effect on the nation, for example by speaking out on crime concerns. And in an eight-year period a president can start a shift of the budget and of the political system, but it takes a lot of pressure and a lot of time. Basically, the thing to remember is that a presidential intention takes a very long time to get implemented.

On balance, of course, it is true that under certain circumstances a president can ignite the nuclear destruction of a substantial portion of the world or commit U.S. troops into internationally troubled crisis zones. But the American president is in no better position to control Bolivian instability, Chilean Marxism, or Vietcong penetration into Cambodia than he can make the stock market rise or medical costs decline. It is misleading to infer from a president's capacity to drop an A-bomb that he is similarly powerful in most other international or domestic policy areas. The more we learn about the processes of government, the more it becomes apparent that presidents are rarely free agents when it comes to effecting new policies—or dismantling policies which they have inherited. ■

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VIEWS OF THE PRESS:

The Sell-Out of the Pulitzer Prize

by James Aronson

On May 3, 1967, a story appeared in the nation's newspapers about the denial of a Pulitzer Prize to Harrison Salisbury, an assistant managing editor of *The New York Times*, for international reporting—specifically for his reportage as the first correspondent of a major United States newspaper permitted into North Vietnam. The reaction of much of the nation's press to the Salisbury affair, particularly the Washington press corps and some of Salisbury's own colleagues at the *Times*, indicated a considerable sympathy with the Pulitzer board's fears. Indeed, the intemperance of the reaction was almost unparalleled.

Salisbury was a veteran correspondent, one of the first - ranking *Times* men, who had served for several years in the Soviet Union and had managed to get permission to write from Rumania, Bulgaria, and Mongolia when many others had failed. For more than a year he had sought a visa for North Vietnam without success. On December 14, 1966, a cable arrived at the *Times* office in New York informing Salisbury that a visa was awaiting him in Paris; he could fly into Hanoi on the International Control Commission plane.

The permission came at a time when Hanoi was charging that residential sections of the city had been bombed by United States planes. Washington offered ambiguous responses, saying first that there had been no change in the policy of restricting the bombing to military targets; then rejecting the charge that Hanoi had been bombed on the days alleged (December 13 and 14); and finally, five days later, saying that civilian areas may have been struck by accident. This last statement was issued the day before Salisbury arrived in Hanoi. Salisbury's first dispatch was published in the *Times* on December 25, without advance publicity. It said:

> Contrary to the impression given by United States communiques, on-the-spot inspection indicates that American bombing has been inflicting considerable civilian casualties in Hanoi and its environs for some time past . . . . It is a say that, based on the evidence of their own eyes, Hanoi residents don't find much credibility in United States bombing communiques.

James Aronson teaches at the New School. This article is excerpted from his new book, The Press and the Cold War, *to be published by Bobbs-Merrill in November.*

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Reporting from Nam Dinh, two days later, Salisbury wrote:

> Whatever the explanation, one can see that United States planes are dropping an enormous weight of explosives on purely civilian targets. Whatever else there may be or might have been in Nam Dinh, it is the civilians who have taken the punishment.
>
> The cathedral tower looks out on block after block of utter desolation; the city's population of 90,000 has been reduced to less than 20,000 because of the evacuation; 13 per cent of the city's housing, including the homes of 12,464 people have been destroyed; 89 people have been killed and 405 wounded.

The Pentagon, as Henry L. Trewhitt reported in *The Baltimore Sun* (December 20) from Washington, was pressing the White House (which had to approve bombing targets) to include "more of North Vietnam's industrial potential," although it was "in many cases surrounded by relatively dense population." Less than a week after the *Sun*'s article appeared, Salisbury confirmed that such bombings already were taking place.

Official Washington was disturbed and angry. On a CBS television program with a panel of newspapermen, Secretary of State Rusk said sharply to a participant from the *Times*: "Why don't you tell your editors to ask Mr. Salisbury to go down and visit the North Vietnamese in *South* Vietnam." The Washington press corps was quick to interpret and enlarge on the official view of the Salisbury journey. Murrey Marder wrote in *The Washington Post* December 28: "Officials are particularly bitter that the attention to civilian casualties in the North had obscured the murder, kidnapings, arson, and other acts of terrorism continually directed against civilians in South Vietnam by the Communists."

The *Times* itself two days later published on page one a long article by its military analyst Hanson Baldwin, a demonstrable hawk on the war in Vietnam, who quoted "Pentagon sources" to counter the Salisbury casualty figures as "grossly exaggerated." It was a difficult position to sustain, however, because in the same article Baldwin revealed that the United States Air Force was using 500,000 tons of bombs a year on North and South Vietnam—"somewhat more" than the tonnage used in the entire Pacific area during the four years of the war against Japan.

A record amount of verbal tonnage was dropped on Salisbury beginning on New Year's day, 1967, with a story in *The Washington Post* by George C. Wilson. The headline read: "Salisbury 'Casualties' Tally With Viet Reds." Wilson reported that he had come into possession of a "Communist propaganda pamphlet" which he had checked with "intelligence sources" in Washington to verify its authenticity. The figures in the pamphlet, Wilson noted triumphantly, tallied exactly with Salisbury's figures of the number of civilians killed at Nam Dinh. Wilson said the Johnson Administration was "furious," and hinted that "President Johnson had been told about the relationship between the casualty figures in the *Times* and the pamphlet." Although Wilson depicted himself as the most careful kind of reporter who checked his sources and his facts with every available official, *The Wall Street Journal* said without qualification on January 6 that the story had been planted by the Pentagon.

The *Times*'s managing editor, Clifton Daniel, responding to *The Washington Post* story, said: "It was apparent in Mr. Salisbury's first dispatch—and he so stated in a subsequent dispatch—that the casualty figures came from North Vietnamese officials. Where else would he get such figures in Hanoi?"

Salisbury could hardly have cabled to Washington, say, to Wilson's friends in the Pentagon, for confirmation of figures which, in any case, were being disputed in the Defense Department releases. The government was reluctant to concede even the possibility of civilian casualties. By reporting facts which the Administration wished to conceal, Salisbury and the

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Times had joined the enemy. Once, while Salisbury was in North Vietnam, two *Times* reporters came into the office of a Washington official. "Here come the men from the *Hanoi Times*" was the greeting.

The official reaction was not surprising; the press reaction was dismaying. On January 2, under the heading, "Ho Tries A New Propaganda Weapon," Chalmers Roberts wrote in *The Washington Post*:

> Ho Chi Minh, master of guerrilla warfare and political propaganda, is now embarked on one of his daring exploits. . . Having failed to subvert and militarily defeat the South Vietnamese . . . Ho tried frontal assault on U.S. forces with his own troops from the North. But that, too, failed. . . . Now he is using another weapon, one as cleverly conceived as the poison-tipped bamboo spikes his men emplant underfoot for the unwary enemy. At long last, he has opened his country, or part of it, to an American journalist. . . . To force a halt in the American bombing of his country . . . Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* is Ho's chosen instrument. . . .

William Randolph Hearst, Jr., in his column of January 1, took a similar view. With Salisbury in mind, he compared "news and opinion by war critics" to treasonable broadcasts in World War II of Lord Haw Haw in Germany and Tokyo Rose in Japan. Joseph Alsop on January 9 added a Soviet transmission belt to Salisbury's equipment. The right way to look at the mission "is very simple indeed," Alsop wrote. "Salisbury was invited to Hanoi to make propaganda for a proposal long pressed by the Soviets," a halt in the bombing. He added: "Whether a United States reporter ought to go to an enemy capital to give the authority of his by-line to enemy propaganda figures is an interesting question."

Crosby Noyes, foreign editor of the Washington *Star*, denounced the Johnson Administration on January 3 as the first United States government in history to permit "the systematic subversion" of its Vietnam commitment. He found it ominous that any reporter was permitted by Washington to visit Hanoi in the first place and fired a final volley at "an important segment of the press" for its "utter lack of identification . . . with what the government defines as the national interest."

The segment defending Salisbury was not as large as Noyes made it out to be. In *The New York Post*, James Wechsler wondered if those who were saying that Salisbury got his trip to Hanoi as a reward for his criticism of Washington's Asian policy would dare say that to him in his presence, particularly in view of his documentation. Washington columnist Joseph Kraft on January 9 described the attacks as "the handmaidens of official policy on Vietnam," but he found Salisbury's reporting to be second rate, muddled, badly prepared, and over-written. Walter Lippmann posed a question:

> Mr. Salisbury's offense, we are told, is that in reporting the war as seen from Hanoi, he has made himself a tool of enemy propaganda. We must remember that in time of war what is said on the enemy's side of the front is always propaganda, and what is said on our side of the front is truth and righteousness, the cause of humanity, and a crusade for peace. Is it necessary for us at the height of our power to stoop to such self-deceiving nonsense?

Newsweek on January 9 still held out some hope for Salisbury's rehabilitation once he left North Vietnam. It said:

> Salisbury wrote that although North Vietnamese officials read his copy and looked at his film, neither appeared to be censored. Yet, like any U.S. correspondent in a Communist country, Salisbury must walk the tricky tight-rope of self-censorship to keep from being expelled. To keep his balance on the tight-rope, Salisbury may have had to sacrifice some balance in his stories. He will, after all, have a chance to report free of restrictions when he returns to New York.

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Salisbury left Hanoi on January 9, 1967, in the midst of the furor, for Hong Kong. From there he filed five long articles which reasserted his main findings in North Vietnam.

A week later, two additional American journalists were ending a stay in Hanoi which had stirred far less fuss. They were Harry S. Ashmore, former editor of *The Arkansas Gazette*, traveling as a representative of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, California, and William C. Baggs, editor of *The Miami News*, who died in 1969. They left Hanoi on January 13 and the Associated Press circulated a series written by Baggs (whose conclusions were confirmed by Ashmore in newspaper and television interviews). In an article for January 19 release, Baggs repeated Salisbury's report of the bomb damage in Hanoi and praised Salisbury's initiative. The paragraph mentioning Salisbury was placed high in the story; but this paragraph, according to James Boylan in the *Columbia Journalism Review* (Winter 1966-67), did not appear in *The Washington Post*, which had been so sharply critical of Salisbury. Boylan saw the Baggs series as a turning point:

> Baggs, probably in part because of his more cautious tone, was subjected to little or none of the enfilading fire that has been directed at Salisbury. Baggs's dispatches, in fact, may have marked a tacitly observed turning point, the acceptance of the fact that stories from Hanoi could now be looked at primarily as news. Salisbury had broken (to use a phrase he employed in a television appearance) "the pattern of acceptability"; now it appeared that a new, broader pattern might take its place. The United States Information Agency found in its surveys of the world press that the United States had gathered praise for permitting Salisbury's trip.

A turning point may indeed have been reached, but perhaps not the one that Salisbury—and apparently Boylan—discerned. The turning point more likely was a decision by Washington that it would no longer be possible to conceal what was being done in North Vietnam. Hence the official line had to be shifted to justify the bombing of civilian centers. The emphasis now would be that it was "the infiltration and direction from the North" that was keeping the National Liberation army alive, and the United States had no alternative except to "bomb Hanoi to the peace table," since "force was the only language the enemy understood." This line would enable the United States to bomb North Vietnam mercilessly behind the mask of peaceful piety.

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B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors, counter sales	2,740	3,389
2. Mail subscriptions	19,869	20,157
C. Total paid circulation	22,609	23,506
D. Free distribution	185	174
E. *Total distribution*	22,794	23,680
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	6,796	1,320
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Charles Peters
Editor

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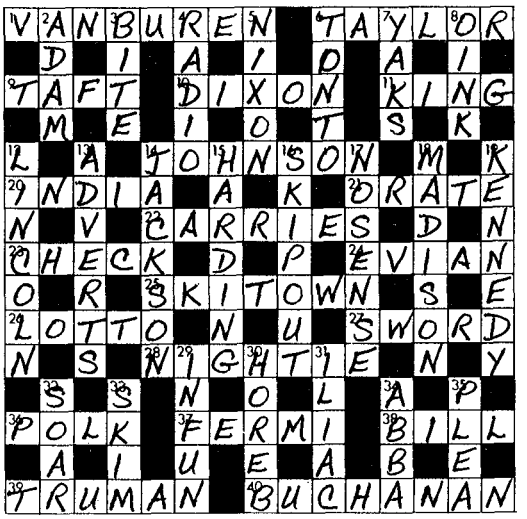
As though to signal the new strategy, the Associated Press on January 21, 1967, sent out a dispatch (published on the inside pages of *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*) which said: "Intelligence sources said today that aerial photographs showed considerable damage to civilian structures as well as to military targets in some places in North Vietnam." There was no criticism of the AP, either in Washington or in the editorial columns of the past.

What rankled most in Washington, both within the government and the loyalist press corps, was that the government of North Vietnam, through the Salisbury and Ashmore-Baggs missions, had presented its case to the American people in the nation's most authoritative newspaper and through the largest news-gathering agency. Although the facts of the bombing had appeared earlier in such papers as *Le Monde* in Paris and other prestigious publications abroad (and in a few small left-wing publications within the United States), virtually nothing about North Vietnam had appeared in the United States press that was not government sanctioned and government oriented.

The worldwide response to the Salisbury articles, and the boost in *Times* circulation that resulted, made Salisbury a national entry for the Pulitzer Prize for 1966 (he had won the prize for international reporting from the Soviet Union in 1955). The *Times* submitted his North Vietnam series for consideration, and the Pulitzer jury, composed of newspaper editors, voted four to one to give the award to Salisbury for his dispatches over a two-week period from December 23, 1966, to January 7, 1967. But the Advisory Board of the Pulitzer Prizes, made up of publishers and editors and the president of Columbia University, overruled the jury (in an almost unprecedented decision) and gave the prize to a reporter for *The Christian Science Monitor*, R. John Hughes, for his reports of the massive anti-communist purge in Indonesia following the takeover by a right-wing government.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch which first disclosed the behind-the-scenes dissension over the award to Salisbury, commented: "There was speculation, after the formal meeting of the board, that some members were influenced by ideological considerations rather than journalistic achievement, perhaps by the stand their respective papers had taken in favor of President Johnson's policy on the Vietnam war." Since Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., publisher of the *Post-Dispatch*, was a member of the board, it was clear that the use of the word "speculation" was a journalistic device to lend a measure of decorum to the proceedings.

The New York Times, in its page-one story about the Pulitzer awards, gave the headline to Edward Albee, the recipient of the prize in drama for his play "A Delicate Balance." Albee had been chosen by the drama jury in 1963 for his play "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," but the selection had been overruled by the Advisory Board and the drama jury had resigned in protest. The irony of the 1966 awards, therefore, was even more striking. On page 40 of the same issue of the *Times* where the page-one story carried over, there appeared a two-column story with the headline: RIFT IS DISCLOSED IN PULITZER VOTE. The disclosure was credited to *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. ■



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BOOKS:

The Birth of Expansive Man

by David Hapgood

The Radical Suburb: Soundings in Changing American Character
by John B. Orr and F. Patrick Nichelson
The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. $2.45

"The paradox of the suburb is almost too stark to be perceived: the Neanderthal suburbanite turns out to be a cultural radical. While we have been wailing about the inactivity of the middle class in championing the cause of the powerless and the not-fully-liberated, the suburbanite has been busy with his own agenda, which in his own way is profoundly revolutionary." The revolution is led by the parents, not the kids. When the yippie sets out to zen the culture, he is "actualizing life patterns learned at his mother's net-stockinged knee"—in the suburbs, the locus, in current mythology and sociology, of ticky-tacky, Dick-and-Jane conformity and conservatism. That is the thesis presented here by Orr and Nichelson, who are professor and student, respectively, of social ethics, in the most provocative book I have seen on the suburban culture.

The suburb, as the authors use the term, is not defined by single-family zoning. Rather it is a state of mind that extends into urban outposts like Manhattan and Georgetown and of course the great protean slurb of Los Angeles. (The authors grew up in L.A., "our great hint of things to come," and it is there

David Hapgood is a senior editor of The Washington Monthly.

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that they identified the "pioneers of suburban radicality.") In the suburbs, the authors persuasively argue, you find that the lushest flower of western capitalism, the affluent American, is now engaged in sabotaging the culture that gave him birth.

"Expansive man" is their name for the suburban radical. Affluent, he is liberated from the politics of scarcity. Detribalized, he is free of the tribe's fierce loyalties and solemn hatreds. He has shed the tight puritanism, greed, and rationality of that WASP culture which, for WASP and ethnic alike, has been the substance of the American Dream. And, sometime in the early sixties, God died in the suburbs. Without tribe, the suburban radical has no past, and without God, no future. That leaves only the present, and expansive man has to make the most of it. His life is an incessant search for experience; when one experience has been drained of its novelty, he moves on in search of another. He is likely to switch jobs frequently, not waiting for the gold watch. Appreciating variety and unbound by tribal law, expansive man cannot take his neighbors' fiercely-held faiths too seriously. He likes to play both with beliefs and life styles. In abandoning severe rationality, in his enjoyment of conflicting values, expansive man is making a "major move towards the Easternization of the American middle class"; the Oriental fads are no coincidence.

In politics, into which expansive man frequently lurches, he is likely to be unsteady, unreliable, and imaginative. Expansive man is profoundly irritating to his more rigid and tribal fellow-citizens. To the hardhat, blacks are recognizable as tribal enemies; but the suburban radical dismisses tribalism itself and seems about to adopt the hardhat as an object of curious interest. Similarly, the more rigid liberals are horrified when expansive man lionizes the Black Panthers (as was so beautifully recorded by Tom Wolfe in his essay "Radical Chic"), even though the Panthers' paramilitary machismo runs counter to the suburban style; but of course the Panthers are just this year's pets. The permissive suburban radical occupies one extreme on the cultural axis along which America's future is being fought out; at the other end are the puritans of the new left and the much more significant radical right. Expansive life is expensive, bought at the cost of shoving economic issues under the rug; the authors see the danger that the suburban radical will ultimately turn to the right to protect his zoning code. They also feel that he helps bring on conflict. "Perhaps the greatest danger to American society in the coming of expansive man is this possibility: that he will encourage a rigid, fierce polarization of the suburb, with other groups uniting in a backlash to resist his disruptive behavior."

Anyone who dabbled in suburban politics in the sixties, as I did, might well take a fresh look backwards in the light of the authors' vision of the suburban radical (remembering always that, as they point out, expansive man is a tendency, not a portrait, and that he is a minority even in the suburbs). Let me now explore how their thesis illuminates my own experience.

It was a college town in the Northeast Corridor, population 25,000, with income far above the average and an extraordinary number of expansive people. Most of the natives belonged to a kind of bourgeois intelligentsia, endowed with both financial and diploma status; because they did not work with their hands, it was generally presumed that they worked with their heads. The town was also home to a black minority, about 10 per cent, and roughly the same number of Middle Americans. Both groups, but especially the blacks, were gradually being shoved out by class zoning. Local government was run from the top down, no worse than most places, by a cozy establishment that was neither imaginative nor consciously oppressive. The opposition, such as it was, consisted largely of programmatic liberals left over from the fifties; they

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seldom won, but that didn't matter because they would rather write a good platform than be county committeemen.

In the early and mid-sixties, new people moved into local politics, some of whom fit the definition of *The Radical Suburb*. They were white and over-30 tribal dropouts, almost always from the WASP and Jewish tribes—comfortable enough in financial career status so that neither of these pursuits took all their energy, and, I suspect, bored. They had worked their way through Danish furniture and trips-to-Europe, and then they took up the game of politics. In 1963, they went in heavily for civil rights, attacking the informal segregation that prevailed in the town's mores. Some went on to class issues, mostly concerned with housing. About 1965 most of them switched to peace, and later to ecology. They tended to switch in flocks, like birds responding to a finely tuned call, and a good number flew through several political causes and clear out the other end into encounter (essentially a search for the lost tribe).

It was a strange time. Those already in local politics were puzzled and exasperated by the newcomers: they didn't play by the rules, their self-interest was unclear (what did they really *want*?), they would swamp an issue and then abandon it. Blacks, especially, were first discomfited when the whites crawled all over them vicariously experiencing black suffering, and then distressed, though perhaps secretly relieved, when the whites abandoned the cause. Tribals, both white and black, were baffled by the newcomers' lack of paranoia about opposing tribes. Rational liberals disapproved of the newcomers' erratic performance and their emphasis on style over platform. As for the newcomers, they seemed to be having a ball.

The newcomers' behavior in many ways fits Orr and Nichelson's concept of expansive man. Their political successes, it seems to me in retrospect, were due to the appeal of expansiveness. Two local issues on which some measurable progress was made were race and class. Many overt racial bars were dropped, if only to reveal the deeper barriers below; at least a beginning was made toward reversing the public policy of class exclusion in housing. In fighting on these fronts, the overt appeal was to social justice. But justice for others has not been one of history's better selling issues. A more potent, though less explicit appeal was that of variety: the reason not to drive out the black and poor, the young and the single, was that their presence made the town more interesting—different kinds of people to play with. This appeal

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was aimed at the expansive type, and at him alone. It made no sense at all to the tribals, who wanted a one-tribe community, nor to the academic liberals, whose ideal was to make everyone like themselves, nor yet to the presumed beneficiaries, whom it defined as a kind of field trip. But the idea of variety drew a wide response in town and proved to be the only plausible reason to dilute the sacred principle of suburban exclusiveness.

Changes in public policy in that town, and they were considerable, seem less important in the long run than the change in the political process. The number of people actively engaged in politics was greatly increased, and they brought new values into the system. These people discovered that, in an affluent community, considerable change is possible within the existing order; the same establishment still runs the town, but its style has changed. Freedom of behavior has expanded. More people in politics strengthens the community against reaction. When the backlash surfaced in the past year with the usual outcry against peace, pot, and permissiveness, the town's political fabric seemed strong enough to contain the attack.

All this took time, for the newcomers had to learn how to play the game, a more or less painful process for those who have been to college, since it means casting off rational modes of thought. The newcomers learned that politics is irrational, that it deals in emotions and personalities, that perception is the only reality, and that the game is played mainly on bluff. These are not new insights; the trick is to be able to act on them. The expansive suburbanite, freed of both tribal paranoia and excessive rationality, often turned out to be a skillful and imaginative player. Certainly in our town the newcomers accomplished goals toward which rigid liberals had been striving for years without success. For a couple of decades, the local liberals had been issuing ponderous reports advocating a municipal swimming pool; nothing had happened. The newcomers got the pool in a few months by mobilizing tribals who cared little about swimming but loved to harass the establishment, and by other tactics, like absurd "deadlines" for action, that seemed to embarrass the old liberals. That kind of effectiveness is the bright side of suburban radicalism.

The browner side is of course the fickleness of expansive man. This is not so much because, as Sam Brown has argued, liberals consider a problem solved once it is catalogued; rather it is because expansive man gets bored with an issue once he has savored it. There is no self-interest to cement his loyalty when the going gets dull. So his participation, skillful as it is, comes in great intermittent gusts of cultural fashion. Some of us in suburban politics used to wish secretly that the troops wanted a garbage contract or a job in the county courthouse so we could hold on to them for the next battle. Affluence has its drawbacks.

The suburban radical, talented and flawed, is an erratic freedom fighter in our present cultural struggle. A citizen of post-industrial society, free (or bereft) of tribe and God, homeless and lonely, fond of living and scared of dying, he is groping for the future. The question is, are we going to have a future? The suburban garden of Eden is zoned off-limits to most Americans and to all the rest of the world. If suburban man is going to be free to proceed with his cultural revolution, he will have to cope with the angry tribes outside. He may, as Orr and Nichelson fear, hire Ronald Reagan to guard the gates, which means giving up much of his playfulness—Reagan doesn't come cheap—to protect his property. The other way is to extend to the outsiders an opportunity to become affluent and find it boring. That might save suburban man's skin and the revolution as well; more important, perhaps, in enlisting him, it would be an experience beyond any he has found yet—better, even, than *Beaujolais Nouveau* or last week's encounter group. ■

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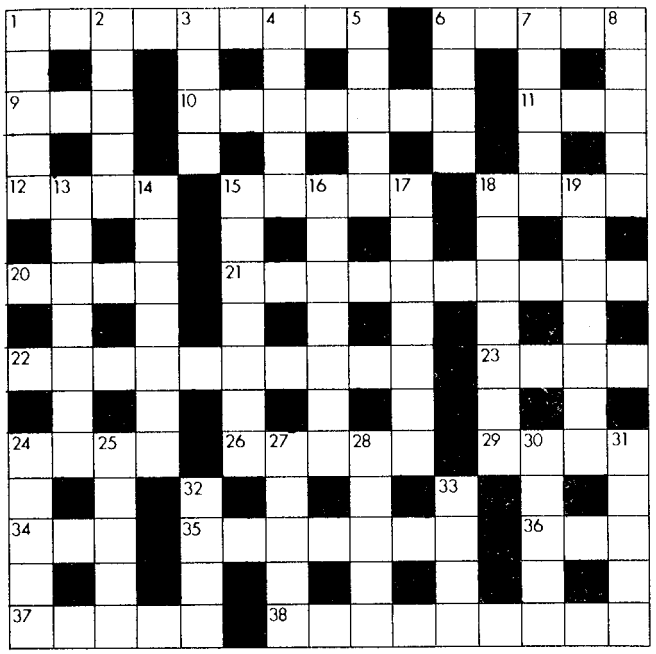
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. A leaders who damns life. (9)
6. A leader we nag. (5)
9. Full complement of crises for a leader. (3)
10. Let Thelma act up to get real American. (7)
11. It's odd how power concentrates in Capital. (3)
12. Full complement of lives for leader's pet. (4)
15. Place to lose acres of money. (5)
18. The rooster engaged in teamwork? (4)
20. This party tags along despite two party system. (4)
21. Form of government in which some do crime act. (10)
22. Form of government not too near public. (10)
23. Maiden or mountain. (4)
24. Something to do when très fatigué. (4)
26. How 6 Across makes contact with sports figures. (5)
29. Try this in Las Vegas pollution. (4)
34. You can't con him. (3)
35. Building up for low dent. (3-4)
36. What Rap Brown looks for on the course. (3)
37. Watched VIP do ten. (5)
38. Will $10 aid cad to achieve goal? (9)

Down

1. He really laid down the line. (5)
2. Featured in Mannix on TV. (5)
3. Vain men of P.S. 93. (4)
4. Kind of ordinary yet quite different. (5)
5. Let Verdi conduct. (5)
6. Racing star with letters. (4)
7. Enoch Arden very much alive and in Washington. (5)
8. She can be both merry and black. (5)
3. Good place to be fighting the rein. (2,5)
14. Children get hung at White House. (3,4)
15. Alfred G. leads the Revolution. (3,4)
16. Humor leaves CIO calm. (7)
17. C.O. sends back defective items. (7)
18. Where to be cross in London. (7)
19. Authors often so tried by them. (7)
24. Society pin or badge. (5)
25. Winfield or Hugh. (5)
27. It takes some nerve to cop it. (5)
28. Went after the wolf up North. (5)
30. How the Greeks get started. (5)
31. Attack the written word with a spear. (5)
32. He filed report of retreat, not I. (4)
33. Nita comes out on the other side. (4)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to this month's puzzle will appear in the next issue. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 59

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